

## J. M. High &amp; Co.

Cleaning up all odds and ends--getting rid of broken lots at almost any price before Inventory. There are thousands of things you can pick up at almost your own price.

## CARPETS AND DRAPERIES

No better time to be looking after your Carpet purchases than now. Prices with us are lower than the same value can be had anywhere. The advance must come, however, and when present stock is sold you will pay us a great deal more.

Alexander and Velvet Carpets, worth \$1.35, made and laid at, a yard 98c  
Beautiful Brussels Carpets, with borders to match, the \$1.00 quality made and laid at, a yard 75c  
35 pieces Brussels Carpets, bright and attractive styles, the 75c grade, made and laid at, a yard 55c  
Extra heavy half wool Ingrain Carpet, worth 55c, at, a yard 39c  
18 rolls yard wide Hemp Carpets, worth 25c, at, a yard 15c  
47 rolls heavy China Matting, worth 25c, at, a yard 15c  
36 rolls dark colored fancy Japanese Matting, the 35c kind, at, a yard 23c  
One lot Smyrna Rugs, actual value \$2.50, Monday at, \$1.69  
One lot made Rugs worth double the price, at, each, \$1.00  
160 pairs Lace Curtains, 60 inches wide and 3 1/2 yards long, selling price \$2.50, special for Monday, a pair \$1.49  
73 pairs Satin-finished Tapestry Portieres, fringed top and bottom, sold for \$7.50, at, a pair \$5.00  
Mosquito Nets put up on short notice; all styles and prices

## AWNINGS! AWNINGS!

We are headquarters for Awnings. Let us estimate on your awnings and save you money.

60 dozen Ladies' Tan and Fast Black Hosiery, 20c kind, at, pair 11c  
11 pieces 68-inch fine Bleached Table Damask, 75c value, for, yard 55c  
36-inch White Check Dimity and 40-inch white bordered Apron Lawns, worth 20c, at, yard 10c  
50 dozen Hemstitched Huck Towels, a good 19c value, at, only 12c  
60 pieces sheer quality White India Linen, regular 15c grade, at, yard 10c

## Shoes! ♦ Shoes!

More room had to be given this popular department. Half of third floor now makes one of the prettiest, best lighted, coolest and best Shoe stores to be seen anywhere. Closing out all Summer Shoes regardless of cost and value, and the very small margin of profit asked on all lines causes unusual activity here.

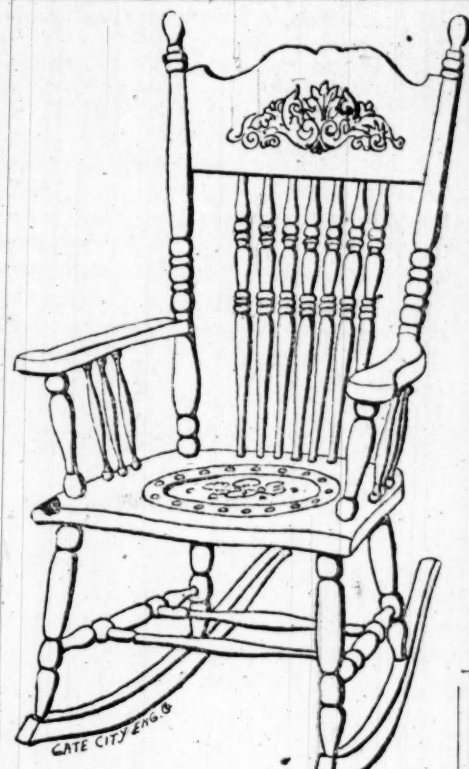
Ladies' fine Oxford Ties, in tan, chocolate and black, were \$3.00, now \$1.89  
Ladies' chocolate, tan, oxblood and black Oxfords, were \$2.50, special at \$1.48  
Ladies' tan and black Oxford Ties, all new style toes, were \$2.00, now \$1.23  
Ladies' patent Vamps, oxblood, chocolate and black Dongola hand sewed Strap Sandals and Oxfords, heel and spring heel, worth \$1.50, special at 98c  
Misses' and Children's Strap Sandals, spring heel, in chocolate, patent leather and tan, sizes 8-11, 75c; sizes 12-2, only 89c  
Misses' Dongola patent face and tip Lace Shoes, were \$1.25, special at 89c  
Ladies' high cut Dongola, tan and oxblood Lace and Button Shoes, worth \$2.50, at \$1.48  
Boys' and Youths' Satin Calf Lace Shoes, London cap toe, worth \$1.35, at 98c

J. M. High & Co.  
THE BUSY CORNER.

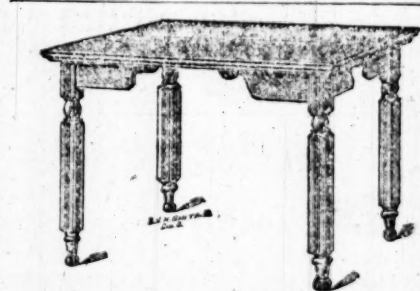
## WOOD &amp; BEAUMONT STOVE &amp; FURNITURE COMPANY

## CLEANING UP SALE FURNITURE AT COST

Every piece of Furniture in our large and fresh stock will be offered you AT COST during the next few weeks, beginning tomorrow, and continuing until the pressure on our warehouses is relaxed. No let-up here. The goods will melt away like mists before the morning sun. Better come early. Everything marked in plain American figures of the lowest denominations. Of course, this semi-annual cleaning up sale is a Cash Sale. You don't expect anything else. Bring your pocketbook with you and be prepared to buy the best Furniture at the lowest prices ever seen.



This Imitation Mahogany Leather Seat Rocker at \$1.25



6-foot Dining Table, like this, made of polished Oak, worth \$4.50, only \$2.98.

Dining Chairs with cane seat, only 70 cents.  
Leather Seat Dining Chairs, worth \$2.25, only \$1.25.

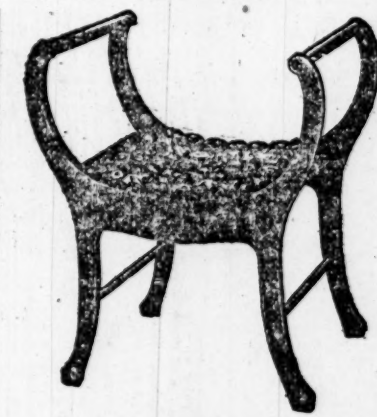
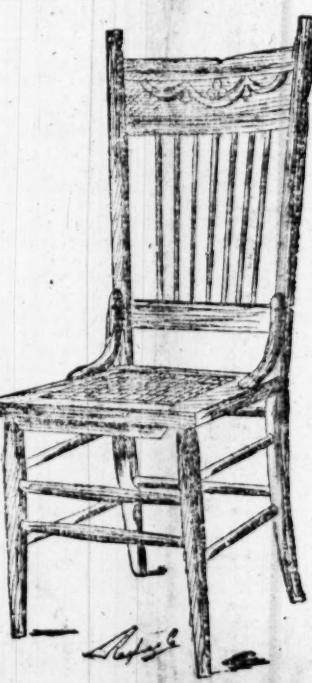
ROCKER like this cut made of solid Oak and imitation Mahogany with sole leather embossed seat, only \$1.25. Easily worth \$3.50.

Oak Rockers with cane seat, worth \$2.00, only \$1.00.

A handsome line of elegant cane Rockers of the finest designs, \$2.50 to \$3.50.

## Special Small Items.

1,000 Woven Wire Bed Springs with spiral supporters, a regular \$2.00 spring, only 99 cents  
1,000 Mattresses, full weight, and good ticking, made of cotton and excelsior, worth \$1.75, only 99 cents  
1,000 Pillows at 28 cents each  
1,000 Cane and polished wood Easels, worth \$1.00, only 39 cents  
1,000 Center Tables, 15 by 15 inch top, and 30 inches high, worth 75 cents, only 39 cents  
25 BABY CARRIAGES \$7.00 to \$11.00



This is our Famous Roman Chair, which has had such an immense sale throughout the south. Made in imitation Mahogany, handsomely upholstered in biscuit tuft of the choicest cloths, in assorted colors. Sold by us as a great bargain at \$2.81. Now offered for the sum of \$1.81. Only a few left.

Bedroom Suits in 50 designs from \$10.45 to \$19.55. Childrens at \$5.00. Leather Couches at \$25.00. Bookcases at \$6.00. Desks at \$4.00. ENDS. HALLGAINS.

WOOD & BEAUMONT STOVE & FURNITURE CO., - 85-87 Whitehall, 70-72 S. Broad Street.  
MAIL ORDERS Promptly Filled, if Accompanied by Cash.

LUMBER DON'T BUY TIL YOU GET OUR PRICES LUMBER  
SOUTH GEORGIA LUMBER CO. 26 W. Hunter St Phone 523Willingham & Co., Manufacturers, will sell all classes of Mill Work, Sash, Doors and Lumber at . . .  
COST FOR THE NEXT THIRTY DAYS.  
64 ELLIOTT ST., ATLANTA. PHONE 1020LOOKOUT INN,  
Lookout Mountain, Tenn.

This famous resort, situated on the topmost point of Lookout Mountain will be opened this season on June 3d. In order to please the large patronage expected during this Tennessee's Centennial year.

Everything Has Been Renovated The Cuisine Will Be the Best AND MADE NEW, AND THE MARKET AFFORDS.

The Nights Are Always Cool and the Days Never Too Warm for Comfort.

TERMS REASONABLE. W. E. Ragsdale, Lookout Mountain, Tenn. Apply to or address July 4 and Tues

New York, No. 231 East 14th Street

Large, cool, handsomely-furnished rooms, superior board and service; convenient to all hotels, theaters and shopping district. Terms \$1 per day and upward. Address Mrs. L. R. Van Sauten, June 23-24

## Hotel Cumberland

Cumberland Island, Ga.

## OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND

Summer season begins June 1st. The first beach on the Atlantic coast. Hotel and cottages, sufficient for 500 people, shaded by a beautiful grove. Splendid bathing, every variety in the sea can be caught. Naptha Launch, row boats, bicycles and livery turnouts at moderate prices. Orchestral concerts, sermons and superb pavilion for dancing. Sea food of every variety and attentive service. Cumberland's best recommendation is that it entertains more than 2,000 of the south's best people every summer. Address LEE T. ACKERFORD, Cumberland, Ga.

## GRANTHOUSE

80 to 90 Whitehall St., Atlanta, Ga.

Three blocks from union depot Cars pass the house to all parts of the city. Large, well ventilated rooms. Cuisine unexcelled.

First-Class Hotel at Moderate Prices N. N. ARCHER, Prop. C. C. HAY, M'gr.

WE SOLICIT YOUR PATRONAGE.

Everett House  
UNION SQUARE,  
NEW YORK.

In the very center of the city. Situation and exposure unequalled. Cuisine of pronounced excellence. European plan. Prices moderate. June 1-20 e o d

## THE BEST PEOPLE

From everywhere, bent on business or pleasure, when in New York stop at . . .

## The St. Denis

The "Cuisine and comfort of the Hotel have become so well known that its name is now a household word in thousands of homes in this country and Europe.

CENTRAL LOCATION: Broadway and Eleventh St., Opposite Grace Church, New York.

## STOCKTON HOTEL,

DIRECTLY FACING THE OCEAN. Unsurpassed for grandeur of proportions and elegance of appointments. One-half of a mile of seashore porch, suites with private bath. Booklets with rates on application. HOWARD M. SAKS, Prop.

Summer Resorts, Long Island, N. Y. ON THE OCEAN AND SOUND. Send 6 cents in stamps for "Long Island" an illustrated book, and "Summer Homes" a book describing hotels and boarding houses on Long Island, to H. M. Smith, traffic manager, 14 E. R. R. Long Island City, N. Y. July 6-8-11

Saratoga.  
The Grand Union

Special Terms per Week or Season. WOOLLEY & GERMAN, Proprietors. Saratoga Springs, New York. Also Proprietors of HOTEL IRONWOODS, the only European hotel in Buffalo.

## THE MURREY

24 West 23d street, NEW YORK CITY A refined boarding house, where hotel comforts can be obtained; convenient to all shops and theaters. Terms \$10 per day. Correspondence invited. References.

## Glen Mountain House,

WATKINS, SCHUYLER COUNTY, N. Y. On Seneca Lake, 1,400 feet elevation. Good fishing. No mosquitoes. Mountain spring water. New waterworks. Scenery, plumbing. New management. Popular prices. World renowned Watkins Glen on hotel property. J. R. KERNAN, Manager. W. E. ROBINSON, Prop. June 1-30

## Warm Springs.

IN THE PINE MOUNTAINS OF MERIWETHER COUNTY, GA. 1,200 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL. FINEST BATHING IN AMERICA. WILL BE OPEN FOR GUESTS JUNE 1ST. ENTIRE EQUIPMENT IN FIRST-CLASS ORDER. WRITE FOR CIRCULAR WITH RATES OF BOARD AND PARTICULARS. CHAS. DAVIS, Proprietor.

## BLOWING ROCK.

Green Park Hotel, This delightful resort is on the summit of the Blue Ridge, 4,500 feet above the sea level, 230 feet above Lookout Mountain, 2,000 feet above Asheville, 2,000 feet above Lake Leno, 230 feet above Catalina Mountain House, New York. Guests say climate and scenery unrivaled by most famous resorts they have visited. Marvellous roads, excellent livery, usual amusements, pure spring water, furnace, open fire, hot and cold baths, electric bells. Refer to Judge Marshall J. Clarke, Mr. Thos. W. Baxter, Mr. A. D. Adair, Atlanta. Send for circular. Address J. R. Stewart, Manager, Green Park, N. C. may 16-20-24 to this

## ICE

Standard Ice Co. Telephone 549. Prompt Service. Largest Capacity.

## A Great Week's Sale

BEGINS MONDAY AT

BASS DRY GOODS CO  
37 Whitehall RETAIL.  
34 S. Pryor WHOLESALE.

Monday, from 8 to 9 O'Clock.

Choice of any Wash Dress Goods in our house at the remarkably low price of 7c a Yard This includes Lawns, Colored Organdies, Dimities, and everything in the nature of Wash Dress Goods. Time limited 8 to 9 O'Clock

Monday, from 9 to 10 O'Clock.

50 Pieces good Checked Nainsook 2c a Yard  
150 Bolts best grade yard-wide French Percales to be sold at 7c a Yard

Monday, from 10 to 11 O'Clock.

40 Pieces handsome silk-finished black Brocaded Brilliantines, 40 inches wide, \$1.00 a Yard  
25 dozen Men's Colored Laundered Shirts go at this hour for 19c Each

Monday, from 11 to 12 O'Clock.

50 Pieces high grade White Dimities, 30 inches wide, at 4c a Yard  
500 Bolts very fine White Valenciennes Laces, twelve-yard bolt, for 12 Cents

Monday, from 12 to 1 O'Clock.

500 Ladies' full-size Vests 2c Each  
100 Pieces 40-inch fine colored Lawns to be sold during this hour at 4c a Yard

Monday, from 1 to 2 O'Clock.

300 Pieces Dress Lawns and Challies which are to be sold at 2c a Yard  
10 Pieces 54-inch Turkey Oil Red Table Damask to go on sale at 15c a Yard

Monday, from 2 to 3 O'Clock.

30 Pieces best yard-wide Fruit of the Loom or Lonsdale Bleaching at 5c a Yard

Monday, from 3 to 4 O'Clock.

2 Cases good yard-wide Bleaching to be sacrificed between 3 and 4 o'clock for 3c a Yard  
Monday, from 4 to 5 O'Clock.

2 Bales extra heavy yard-wide Sea Island which has been marked down to 3c a Yard

Monday, from 5 to 6 O'Clock.

60 Pieces extra fine quality India Linon, the 20c grade, at 3c a Yard

This week every article in our house is cut to the core. Laces! Laces! Laces! at Half Price! Wash Goods away down. Come! It is to your interest to come.

A few of the thousands of Special Bargains which you find here this week:

Men's Balbriggan Undershirts, good ones 19c  
Scriven's \$1.00 Patent Elastic Seam Drawers 59c  
72-inch high grade German Satin Damask 39c  
Mosquito Canopies, umbrella frame, this sale 98c  
Ladies' all-Leather Belts, every shade 10c  
Ladies' White Embroidered Mull Ties 8c  
Men's all-Linen Collars, every shape 5c  
40 Gross Men's all-Leather Belts at 15c  
Best quality, 4 yards, Velveteen Binding 6c  
Best grade kid-finished Skirt Cambric 2c  
Best quality Bunch Bones, this sale 3c  
New style Ducks, Best Quality, Coote linen, all colors 10c

DON'T FAIL TO SEE OUR SPECIALS IN LACES!

Merchants throughout the South should see the Special "Jobs" on sale this week at our Wholesale House, 34 South Pryor Street. Bargains for the coming week!

BASS DRY GOODS CO  
37 Whitehall. RETAIL.  
WHOLESALE 34 S. Pryor.



















**WHITE HAT**  
**AS AN IN**  
Has Figured in All  
Greeks Ha  
T SHOWS ITSE  
Worn by a Hero of

We guarantee  
equal, and can  
ALBERT L. DUNN, S

minute finally appeared  
for the news to reach

He had white hair. He had the manner of a man who was used to being obeyed. He wore a tall hat, gray, of a curious form. He was a man of responsibility, a man of the men of 1840, or of the men of 1860, far enough behind us to be able to see things as they were, impressively shaped hats, and the violence. It was the



rodren place directly  
he euzone on guard c  
ox and began to pad

As the throng swarmed  
toward the place directly  
in front of the euzone on guard

The deputy left his  
went to the palace  
step above, walk-  
to before them.

A murmur arose at  
was the audible  
of the people re-  
like a wind-storm.  
as though a whirl-  
entry, who paced  
Onward, the humming  
Obedience almost  
when this killed col-  
of the hills, darted  
the hills, darts  
his look was fu-  
moving scorn, that  
to the pits, their  
He stooped and pi-  
handful of pebbles  
and, still profoundly  
supreme disdain, th-  
the palace steps fur-  
these straight into "he-  
thenians.

Meanwhile the her-

at the door by  
place full of dignity  
ero of the minute  
le king."  
The old survivor

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# RO

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## THE VERY P

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We guaranteed  
equal, and can

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ALBERT L. DUNN, e



**S. & Davison**  
THIS WEEK'S  
ACTIONS  
MORE THAN  
Interest!  
TE SKIRTS.  
que and Duck  
width and well made,  
material, never sold  
\$5.00.  
Now 75c  
Serge and  
the Skirts, Rustle  
velveten bound; ac-  
to and \$3.  
Now \$1.50  
Mohair Skirts,  
sirt, lined with fine  
velveten bound, latest  
actual values \$5,  
Now \$3.50  
Skirts, a few more  
last.  
To go at \$1  
APPERS.  
Wrappers, about  
Indigo and Fancy  
real values \$1,  
Now 69c  
made of Percale and  
trimmed, variety of  
red our best values  
Now \$1.00  
H SUITS.  
re Linen Suits,  
utaway Coats, either  
nd in Russian Lace  
the actual value,  
Now \$3.50  
aited Skirts.  
rge, Henrietta, Mo-  
s—navy blue, green,  
k, 9 1/2 yards wide;  
values,  
Now \$5.00  
BOUT THIS?  
el Bicycles,  
improvements known  
eels, one year guar-  
rty repairs made by  
Castle, good as any,  
an many \$75 Bicy-  
75.  
They Last, \$29  
rds of fine soft fin-  
muslin, short lengths,  
n sold off the piece  
2c yard,  
to go at 5c  
ANANTS  
aline, Cambric, Can-  
n, etc., on table over-  
e quantity, to go at  
f Actual Value  
HE WAY.  
mention in the be-  
HOSE GREATEST  
UES. They are  
Dimity, Lawn, Lap-  
all this season's  
and colors; not a  
lot worth less than  
estimate, many worth  
awhile at \$1. We  
that now,  
ring all at 75c  
UGS.  
1 1/2 yards long, 1  
heavy, choice pat-  
colorings,  
Now Price 50c  
RELLAS.  
Paragon frame, steel  
size, natural wood  
d kinds, such Um-  
ay \$1.25 and \$1.50  
Our Price 98c  
& Davison

## WHITE HAT SERVED AS AN INSPIRATION

Has Figured in All the Revolutions the  
Greeks Have Known.

IT SHOWS ITSELF AT PRESENT

Worn by a Hero of the Moment It Al-  
most Caused an Uprising.

CONTEMPT OF A ROYAL PALACE GUARD

Incipient Riot Was Quelled by a Hand-  
ful of Pebbles—A Trying Polit-  
ical Situation.

By Stephen Crane.

A great crowd had gathered in the Place  
de la Constitution. In front of the royal pal-  
ace, because it was understood that the  
actor of one of the Athenian journals was  
to come and address the populace from a  
position in front of a well-known cafe.  
Over the tops of some trees and above the  
gaze terrace reared the quiet dwelling of  
the king, its windows all heavily curtained  
as if it had closed its eyes purposely to this  
scene in the square below it. The old build-  
ing was sallow in the glare of the sun. A  
string of tramcars was forever toiling one  
way or the other way on the avenue which  
crossed on the terrace at the middle of  
the square, and dust from the travel blew  
white across the face of the palace. The  
crowd, when they looked up the silent  
plaza, could see a little sentry box,  
and in it an euzone of the royal guard,  
framed as a mummy in its case. The  
sentry box was high, and it was a de-  
puty, and as the chamber was then in session  
he was supposed to be engaged there. The  
crowd did not display much impatience  
while waiting him. For one thing, a  
swarm of newboys suddenly came racing  
around a corner, hoarsely shouting as  
charging savages might shout. They plunged  
into this consternation of their  
prey, dispensing papers and making change  
with rapidity, meanwhile yelling. This on-  
slaught incited the crowd to beat their  
fist elsewhere for a certain time, and it  
came to pass that when the hero of the  
minute finally appeared it took rather long  
for the news to reach the Athenian guard  
who were standing calmly in their places and  
reading.

He had white hair. He was almost ven-  
erable. He had the mobile mouth of a poet  
and the glance of surpassing vanity. He  
wore a tall hat, gray in scheme, molded in  
curious form. He usually lay the bur-  
den of responsibility for this shape upon  
the men of 1840, or of any date which lies  
far enough behind us. But it was an im-  
pressively shaped hat. It was the hat of  
violence. It was the hat of insurrection. It  
proclaimed terror. In New York this hat  
would forebode the cessation of the cab-  
le car, the disappearance of the postman,  
the subterranean concealment of the cook,  
the supreme elevation of the place of beer-  
all the horrors of municipal war. No one  
could wear this terrible and revolutionary  
hat unless he was a deputy of the two miles  
beyond the extreme edge of the radicals.  
Where this hat of anarchy and intemperance  
appears there comes chaos. If you study  
the history of the famous revolutions, you  
will be taught to tremble at this hat. In  
the black sea of riot this floating hat glid-  
ed, galled with threats.

There was at first a great deal of cheer-  
ing by some twenty men who seemed to  
be the immediate escort of the white hat.  
Their enthusiasm was impaired gradually.  
At first they yelled, then they sang, then  
they rolled up from the square. A great  
cry rolled up from the square. It brought  
people swiftly to the windows of  
the hotels that fronted on the square.  
The man in the white hat mounted a  
small iron cafe table. It was like a pedes-  
tal. Suddenly the white hat shone high  
above the crowd. The journalist and  
deputy was about to begin his speech when  
there was a sudden new onslaught of news-  
boys, whose yells precluded any chance  
of his being heard. He was obliged to remain  
quietly on his little table until these wolves  
had sat themselves upon the money of  
the crowd. In the sentry box, near the  
palace steps, was still the immobile and  
indifferent figure of the euzone of the royal  
guard. In the clear air one could see played  
by the assurances in the mountain affar be-  
hind the palace and this mountain rearing  
above the sallow dwelling of the king, was  
beginning to turn faintly purple, a prophecy  
of the coming of the night.

Finally the man in the white hat was  
enabled to begin his oration. He was in-  
terrupted by cheers from time to time. His  
incense hat bobbed from the force of his  
gestures. Why was Greece shamed?  
Whose fault was it? He would go to the  
king—he would speak to the king—now—  
this instant—and ask him why was Greece  
shamed? What treacherous serpent had  
coiled in the path of Greece? And let the  
king answer!

A mighty roar came from the crowd, or  
from a part of the crowd. Really, one could  
never tell how many people were seriously  
incensed, and how many were there only  
to see it. And amid these loud acclama-  
tions, the hero of the minute was helped  
down from his table, and escorted by hun-  
dreds of his countrymen, began his march  
toward the palace of the king.

As the throng swarmed out upon the  
broad place directly in front of the palace,  
the euzone on guard came out of his sentry  
box and began to pace deliberately up  
and down in front of the steps. He did not  
look at the advancing crowd or heed it in any  
way.

The deputy left his myriad followers and  
went to the palace door. The euzone, a  
step above, walked thoughtfully to and  
fro before them.

A murmur arose at the back of the crowd.  
It was the audible machinery, the temper  
of the people reviving and reviving, to-  
ward turbulence. The throng was spread  
out like a wind-shaken lake to this one  
Chies. They were Dimity, Lawn, Lap-  
all this season's  
and colors; not a  
lot worth less than  
estimate, many worth  
awhile at \$1. We  
that now,  
ring all at 75c  
UGS.  
1 1/2 yards long, 1  
heavy, choice pat-  
colorings,  
Now Price 50c  
RELLAS.  
Paragon frame, steel  
size, natural wood  
d kinds, such Um-  
ay \$1.25 and \$1.50  
Our Price 98c  
& Davison

Once, the humming of voices in its crowd-  
almost reached the point of action. Then  
this killed soldier, this simple child  
of the hills, darted a look at the crowd, and  
this look was so full of scorn, deep and  
moving, that it must have been felt  
to the pits of their throats.

He stooped and picked from the ground  
a handful of pebbles. He raised his arm  
and, still profoundly deliberate and with  
supreme disdain, this solitary figure on  
the palace steps flung the handful of peb-  
bles straight into the upturned faces of the  
Athenians.

Meanwhile the hero of the minute was  
met at the door by an old servant. In a  
voice full of dignity and quiet strength the  
hero of the minute said: "I wish to see  
the king."

The old servant replied to him tran-  
quilly with this objection: "The king does  
not receive today."

There was a moment of silence while the  
peaceful old servant stood with his hand  
on the door.

There are few statements that have been  
made on the threshold of an ambitious suc-  
cess by the cool words: "The king does  
not receive today." The hero of the minute  
stood irresolute. The survivor stood  
waiting. "O—um," said the statesman at  
last. "Well," he went away.

When the white hat reappeared to the  
crowd they cheered clamorously. With the  
same quiet dignity which had marked his  
bearing throughout the more trying part  
of the incident the man of the white hat  
took his seat in a landau which his ad-  
mirers had brought for him. As he passed  
through the streets his trooping followers  
cheered and cheered the victor, and from  
time to time he modestly lifted in recog-  
nition his tall white hat.

**MRS. OWEN MAKES A DENIAL.**  
Mother of Dr. Ryder's Victim Answers  
Mrs. McArthur.

Talbotton, Ga., July 10.—(Special).—Edi-  
tor Constitution—In your issue of July 24  
appeared an article from Mrs. W. T. Mc-  
Arthur in defense of her brother, Dr. W.  
L. Ryder, now being held for the murder  
of Miss Sallie Emma Owen.

In the article referred to Mrs. McArthur

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not receive today." The hero of the minute  
stood irresolute. The survivor stood  
waiting. "O—um," said the statesman at  
last. "Well," he went away.

When the white hat reappeared to the  
crowd they cheered clamorously. With the  
same quiet dignity which had marked his  
bearing throughout the more trying part  
of the incident the man of the white hat  
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## CIRCUIT NOT DEAD BUT IS SLEEPING

This Is the Statement Made by Manager  
Jack Price.

RACES NEXT TUESDAY NIGHT

Great Programme Has Been Arranged  
and Exciting Features Booked.

WALTHOUR AND REPINE TO RUN IT OFF

This Will Be the Race of the Night and  
the Sport Will Be Great—What  
Jack Price Says.

There seems to be more interest in the  
coliseum races to take place Tuesday  
night than in any races yet run, by the  
fast professionals. This is due to the fact

that Prince has arranged two match races  
that everybody will want to see run. The  
first race is a match between Bob Wal-  
thour and Bert Repine in three heats and  
the second is a race between M. A. Elliott,  
the Atlanta champion, and Kennedy, the  
champion of Tennessee.

The race between Walthour and Repine  
will be for a purse of \$50 put up by Prince  
and each of the riders will put up \$50 on  
the result. It means that the winner will  
be in \$100 and the loser out \$50. Men who  
have to ride for their living are not fond  
of giving up the money so hard to get,  
and they will both try to take the money.

The first heat will be one mile in length,  
the second heat will be three miles and  
the last heat will be five miles. The rider  
who can win the best two out of three  
will take the money and be declared the  
champion of the south in the professional  
class.

The amateur match race between Elliott  
and Kennedy is creating more interest. If  
possible, then, the professional match race  
challenged Elliott for the race and he will  
be accommodated to his heart's content on  
Tuesday night. It is reported that two  
weeks ago Kennedy had no trouble in de-  
feating Kline in two races and that he  
did it by a better margin than Elliott did.

Elliott just defeated Kline, so it is to be  
presumed that the match between him and  
Kennedy will be very close.

Elliott is in fine shape and fit to run  
the race of his life. Kennedy is also said  
to be in fine shape, and it will not be a  
walkover for the Atlanta champion by any  
means.

There will be other races on the pro-  
gramme, but all the interest is centered  
in the two match races. The fad for  
match races seems to have taken posses-  
sion of the entire country and at every  
spot there must be at least one match  
race. Match races are of course always  
fast and more even, and the people like  
to see two good men pitted against each  
other.

Prince is working hard to give the people  
good races and will keep up the sport  
through the summer. Mr. Stoppel-  
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soon as the patronage will justify it the  
cracks will come here and race part of the  
time.

Prince made three successful trips around  
the circuit as it was originally planned  
and after the first trip the northern papers  
commenced to say that the circuit had  
suspended. One of the reasons that the pa-  
pers are so against racing in the south is  
the fact that the riders down here have  
been making better time this season than  
has been made in the north and up north  
and they are throwing lots of cold water on  
the sport for that reason. Prince need not  
look for any help from that quarter, but  
in spite of all the fighting they can do the  
cracks will come south just as soon as the  
crowds will justify bringing them and they  
find that they can make money down here.  
Iron-clad contracts are all that keeps some  
of them away from here now and at the  
end of the season up north, which is the  
first of September all of the fast riders  
are coming south. Their letters to Prince  
show that they are anxious to winter here  
and race in the Atlanta coliseum during the  
fall and winter. When they once see the  
kind of tracks we have there will not be  
any trouble about getting them to come



DEEP SEA SOUNDING.



Mr. Sounder—They say that the pressure at the bottom of the ocean is tremendous.  
Miss Willing—Yes, and it all goes to waste, too.

A CINCH.



"They offered a Bible at our church last year to the most regular attendant."  
"Who got the Bible?"  
"The sexton."

A SEVERE SHOCK.



"I heard de tramp wot was here yestiddy died."  
"How did he come ter die?"  
"Why he fell in a tub o' water, an' de shock killed 'im."

CANE-INE.



Russell—I'm going to cut a dogwood cane.  
Read—Are you going to take the bark off?

SARGE PLUNKETT

The Old Man at Last Joins the Ranks of the "Reformers."

AND HE IS "IN THE SWIM"

Old Foggy Ways Cast Aside and Progress Is Taken to the Bosom.

For The Constitution.

Patrick Henry thought it a bad notion to "shut our eyes to painful truths," but Pat was wrong—the man that is blind "to painful truths" is the man who gets "in the swim" and who has become fascinated by the glitter of the new departure and to kick against them, and consequently we have never been "in the swim" and have had mighty little of what they call modern comfort to fall our way. One by one we have seen hundreds of our contemporaneous citizens pass us by at a stride and these have outstripped us from the very day that we opened our eyes to painful truths and began to talk about it.

Soon after the war we began to plead that the flocking of so many of the people to the towns would prove injurious and we pressed the point so hard that the young boys and girls had become fascinated by the glitter of the new departure and to kick against them, and consequently we have never been "in the swim" and have had mighty little of what they call modern comfort to fall our way. One by one we have seen hundreds of our contemporaneous citizens pass us by at a stride and these have outstripped us from the very day that we opened our eyes to painful truths and began to talk about it.

At an early period after the war we soon saw the disposition growing to move the old churches to railroad stations and to carry all the country educational advantages with them. We mourned over this and warned all that we could against the trend, and now we respectfully join the great majority of those days in the assertion that "Brown and Plunkett both were old fools." We should have got "in the swim" and perhaps we would have been living easy today by preaching to an elegant congregation of progressive people or beating a drum for the Salvation Army.

Fretty soon was ushered in a "fad" for church elegancies. A great rivalry was upon us between the churches, and new innovations were numerous. We saw all sorts of methods resorted to for the meeting of church expenses, even to the extent of sending girls out to beg, and the "fad" grew to such an extent that it became common at one time to see girls everywhere begging for the church. I tried to hold my tongue about this time, but Brown went down to our market town and come back with the news that they had been having the girls to sell their kisses at one of the church fairs, and this made me a fool again and all the thanks I have ever received for making a fool of myself on the subject came from Brown, who, everyone will admit, is a greater fool than I ever could pretend to be.

I would not pretend to enumerate the instances in which we were fools, cranks and old fogies. For thirty years new ideas and new methods have been creeping upon us, multiplying and growing bolder. All the time Brown and I opposed them when it would have been easy enough for us to have got "in the swim," and to-day he is honored as the head of some great missionary work, or, at least, we would have been in that stage of Christian science where hell would not be staring us in the face every time we are left in a dark room by ourselves. Fools, fools; we have delayed till the old-time religionists are not in it. They have no terrors, no precepts and consequently they are not especially apt to have any favors. Indolence, skepticism and hypocrisy has got such a start on us that we can never be what we might have been, but we must do the very best that we can, and that is as much as any can do.

A great many of our friends have been talking to us lately and trying to persuade us to stick to the old-time ways, and these tell us that everything will come right by-and-by. We can't wait—we are too old.

We must get "in the swim," and get in now. Present conditions can no more be changed in a day than they could have come upon us at once and suddenly. It has taken time to leave us to where we are, and it would take a longer time than we can expect to live to get back. The influences have been as subtle as the serpent that caused the old church, the old preacher and the old code of morals to be relegated to the rear, and it will take more time than we have left, and more wisdom and fortitude than we can discover at this time to wrench the country back from those subtle influences. If all the people would arise in one great mass, and as the farmer and his family turns out to pull the "suckers" from their corn, if so the people would turn and pull the "suckers" from the church, we would have some hope, but we have said all this before, and the country has felt deeper into the hands of "fads," "societism" and the devil, till the speed down grade is too much for us. We have given it up. We are too old and run down at the heel, and too much in need of present necessities to undertake to drive back a wave that we could not detain, though we saw it as plain upon its way as we see it now. Brown swears that there has been a premium upon hypocrisy for several years, and that now it has resolved itself that a man must either be a hypocrite or lose all chances of doing anything in business and if he fails to join the "fads," the "isms" and the "societies" they will actually take your very life from you. If you don't look sharp, we are looking sharp. We are moving to get "in the swim" and I am satisfied that Brown will out-Caesar Caesar if he howl against us, and I won't be far behind.

We have arranged to start out tomorrow to see that one of our neighbors changes his "standards" of life. We have chosen this old fellow because he eats con meat, and we know he will make a big fuss about our intrusion into his private affairs, but the louder he fusses the sooner we will be along "in the swim" with other reformers, and "in the swim" is where we want to get. I am playing for a good deal in this movement, but Brown is only playing for self preservation. The old man eats a little con himself once and awhile, and hypocrite or no hypocrite, he is of the opinion that to join is the way to keep them from choosing a "standard" for him and his folks—howl against others and one will think of tackling you, is the old man's notion.

We are in hopes that our friends will help us to circulate the facts, and if you very much to plunge right into "the swim." If any man can tell more about the evil effects of whiskey than we can, we would like to see him. If any man can make more fuss about a little charitable turn than we might perform than us, we would like to see him. If any man can blow louder about any of the "isms," "societies" or "fads" than we can, we would like to see him. If any man can go into training for the development of lung power, and he will out of our horn as never horn was blown before—if we must be hypocrites, we will strive to be good ones.

Of course we will have some regrets when we think of the old fogies, the old preachers and the old churches that we have put behind us, and burnt the bridges, but these regrets will be private, very private. Often, no doubt, on bright Sabbath mornings, we will think of the crowds gathering at the good old church, and in our hearts we will know that they are better than we, but this will be kept private. No doubt but that upon occasions when we howl and cavort at some "reform" meeting we will think of the quiet old preacher that has walked ten miles for the privilege of preaching the plain scripture to a country congregation; but it will all be private. Never will the "reformers" detect anything of a weakness of heart that would delay our getting "in the swim," and marching along with the "reformers" to the mighty task of "reforming" the world.

The time has come when such men as we must get "in the swim," or go to the wall. Brown says it were better to be the veriest hypocrite ever trod the earth than to allow these "isms," these "societies" or these what-nots to creep in and tear down the family altars as they have torn the old churches and the old preachers—when hypocrisy is made a necessity, an increase in infidelity and skepticism is a natural consequence, but the cry of thousands upon thousands in this land to-day is "Give us something rather than a fanatic rule." We can remember when a man was disgraced to utter infidel sentiments. So many wrongs have been put upon us through the name of the Lord Jesus, that I see thousands of young men and old men, boys and girls, proud and boastful in their unbelief. And, please remember that we told you so.

SARGE PLUNKETT.

A CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE.



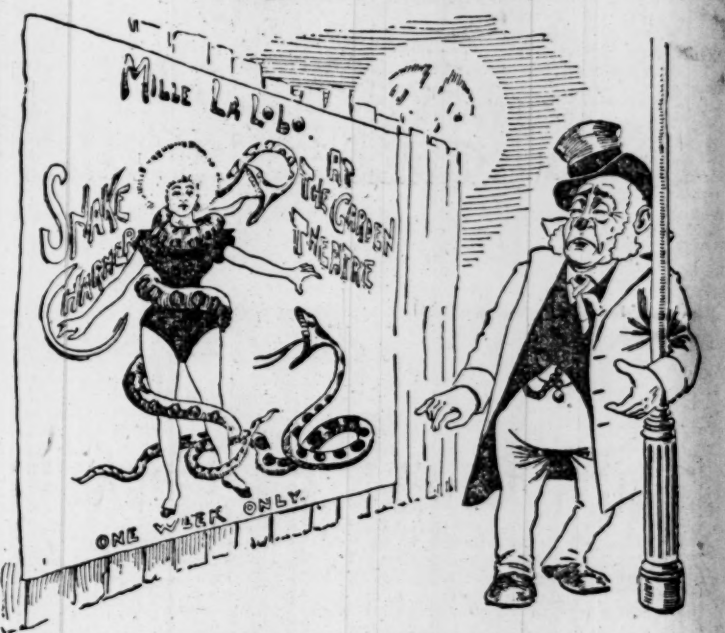
Sister—You appear to be always turning over a new leaf.  
Brother—Well, one good turn deserves another, you know.

WEIGHING MATTERS.



Old Gotrox—I love you, Miss Mabel. I could die for you.  
Miss Mabel—How soon?

THOSE CIRCUS POSTERS.



Mr. Boozeberry—There, I knew it—hic—got 'em agin.

FIDO'S MISTAKE.



1—This was Fido's regular act, and—  
2—It was not strange that when he saw this advertising scheme—  
3—he naturally thought it was his cue to perform, which—  
4—he did with rather startling results.

BICYCLING IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.



Cannibal Chief—The soup tastes scorched.  
Chief—Yes, your royal highness, the bicyclist was scorched when we caught him.

ONCE WAS ENOUGH FOR HIM.



"Come up next Sunday and hear Dr. Thirdly preach."  
"No, thanks. I heard him once; he married me."



# THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

DEVOTED TO THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Supplement to  
The Constitution.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, JULY 11, 1897.

## AT ROCKY DRIFT

A STORY OF A BATTLE WITH KING LOBENGULA'S WARRIORS.

### The Chase.

The man ran on almost blindly. Behind him came his enemies, but he heard their distant shouts faintly, as from another world, because of the singing in his ears, the throbbing of his heart, the awful pain in his side.

"Do you make out who it is?" Captain Barker asked of the man next to him, as he eyed the race through the field-glasses with intent interest. He handed them over as he spoke to his neighbor, who gazed earnestly.

"I am not yet sure," he said at last, "but I fancy I am almost certain it is one of those American boys who are prospecting for alluvial gold and raising a few crops along the river to the north."

"Those penniless, independent youngsters? But there is only one."

"Then the other, I fear, has come to grief."

The two men stood within a small laager, formed of three ox wagons, and protected on one side by the broad but shallow and rocky bed of a stream. The laager stood on slightly rising ground, and although defended by only ten white men and three native trekkers, was comparatively a strong position.

"By George, Romeyn," he said, "it is hard on such a little force as this to draw down a whole impi of Lobengula's men, but I'm blown if I want to see that yankee prospector massacred. Besides," he added, with true British admiration for good sport, "he's running with no end of pluck. He ought to win."

Every man in the laager was straining his eyes to catch something of the race. The fugitive was still running strong; they were not near enough to see the intense agony on his face, the heavy laboring of his breast. But he saw nothing of them. He was still speeding blindly on. Better, he was vaguely thinking, to burst his heart and drop dead in his tracks than fall into the hands of the savages, newly damp with the blood of his partner. He was running now at right angles to the laager; several hundred yards down the river he would pass them, never seeing them. His pursuers, in their excitement, would probably follow on, and the laager thus be left secure in its obscurity. Captain Barker looked back at him. They all belonged to the force of the British South African Company, just beginning its final tussle with King Lobengula.

"I'm responsible for your safety, my lads," he said, "but you see what's happening. There's about thirty Matabeles after that American boy. That's not too many for us to stand off, but there's probably a whole impi of them not far behind these, who will be brought down on us. Shall I bring him here, and the Matabeles after him, or shall we?"

"No!" came briefly from all throats. "Signal him here!"

Barker leaped to the top of an upturned wagon. He was a tall, stout fellow, with a voice like a howitzer's report. He stood clean-cut against the sky and waved his handkerchief; he put his hand to his mouth and yelled.

"This way, halloo! This way, my Yankee, and stretch yourself for all you're worth! Halloo! halloo!"

The fugitive heard that cordial shout just as he felt his knees must bend beneath him and bring him to the ground. It was the familiar tongue of one of his own race, if not one of his own countrymen, and it was like a draft of wine to a sinking horse. It thrilled through his veins, and he renewed his speed, turning swiftly in the direction of the voice. But the Matabeles heard it, too. Nearer, nearer, nearer! The lad ran like a deer.

"Now, my lads, let 'em have it! Fire low!"

The runner heard the crash of rifles, heard the yells of wounded savages behind him, heard the rousing cheers of his new friends, then saw a man run out to meet him, who seemed to lift him up and heave him over the barricade. Then everything got mixed and swam about in the sunshine, and he was dimly conscious of asking for a gun to go out again and shoot with, and of protesting feebly when Barker laid him in a corner beside another white man, who seemed sick, and whom a Mashona native was tending.

"Lie there a bit, and rest, and take a drink of water, my boy! We'll see about the shooting after awhile. Here, you bully Mashona! Here's another patient for you!"

### The Theft.

The little black, monkey-like voortrekker, the Mashona, knelt by him and held a canvas waterbag to his lips, and then he lay unconscious for a time, utterly exhausted, now knew afterwards whether he had slept or whether he had swooned. Suddenly he found himself realizing that it was dark, and that there was a great noise going on about him. It took him a moment or two to recognize the noise as that of shooting, and yelling, and immediately thereafter he remembered where he was and why. With a flash his brain lighted up with the knowledge that he himself had led the Matabele warriors to the camp of his rescuers, and at once he was about to help in the fight he knew was going on. He felt fitter and thither with his hands to determine where he lay, and whether any weapon was near him. His finger touched first the clothes covering the form of a man on the ground beside

him, and he recollected the sick Englishman, by whose side he was placed. He rolled over to him and asked him loudly if he had a gun, a pistol, a knife—anything he could lend to help in the struggle. There was no reply, and the American shouted in the sick man's ear. Still there was no reply; he felt the sick face, and knew the soldier was dead.

All through the night the long, unequal battle worried raggedly along—raggedly because at the outset there had been only a small force of the enemy attacking. But the Matabeles had soon found out how small was the number of the besieged. They had held off and sent word back to

fever-stricken man had crawled, and the captain knelt down by his side.

"It is true," he said. "Poor Ned! I knew his people at home. Which reminds me."

He passed his hands through his friend's pockets, and looked at the others with a puzzled air.

"Lads," he said, "did any of you hear Ned say anything about getting a letter from home just before we left Fort C—?"

Several had.

"Well," said Barker, getting on his feet, "this is strange. He showed me the letter when he felt the fever coming on him, and he told me what to do if anything happened. He had it in his pocket. There were Bank of England notes in it to take him home with if he ever wished to leave the country. Besides he must have had some cash on him."

"He had a sovereign," said one. "He wanted me to change it."

They turned from one to another; each had heard something of the poor fellow's letter, for troopers much together are like brothers. At last one glanced at Saunders. The American was cleaning the breech of his rifle. A sudden cloud shad-

nificantly all through the night, and we all may be dead before evening."

Saunders suddenly lifted a hanging, pale face, and looked proudly around.

"It is justice," he said quietly. "I shall leave the laager. Captain, you wanted some one to try and reach the fort. I shall try it. If I succeed I shall come back with the troopers. If I fail, it will be as it was before you gave me shelter."

Before they could answer he suddenly slipped to the bank of Rocky Drift (ford) and almost noiselessly slipped in. They looked after him with amazement. Here was a thief and here was a hero!

"It is as bad as if he had been thrown over the breastworks," whispered Barker.

The Matabeles were still resting, wearied with the long battle. Still, from where they lay, they could see the surface of the river. The American knew what he was about, and crossed the shallow, rocky stream, almost entirely under water, so that only his fair hair and face showed at intervals, as he skillfully took advantage of the shelter of the bowlders. He crossed safely and disappeared in some bush. The savages had never noticed him, but the troopers breathed a sigh almost of relief.

"That gentleman's pluck," said Barker, with a long breath. "No thief would have done it. Pray heaven he comes back, as he said, and clears up this mystery."

The affair over, the captain counted his men and arranged for a new attack. Curtis alone was dead, but several were almost disabled from wounds. When he had counted his force, however, Barker noticed one absentee—the Mashona.

"Guess he was dragged over the barricades when they broke through the logs last night," he said.

About noon the Matabeles returned to the charge, with re-enforcements. All day the Englishmen fought desperately, with depleted numbers. Their fire was so heavy the Matabeles were driven back across the Drift, back from the barricades. Two white men were killed; one was firing with one arm; all were wounded.

"It's all up with us, lads," said Barker. "At the last remember to stand back to back and have every chamber of your revolvers loaded."

Constantly the Englishmen threw anxious glances across the stream, but nothing was there, nothing coming. The laager was doomed. They were at last ready to give up; they were too weary to repulse another charge. Barker and the rest grimly shook hands. Down came the shielded wedge. The fierce "hum" sounded loudly over the veldt. The spears were poised in air.

Then it came! A bugle call! Not from the river, but from the rear of the enemy, all intent upon the laager. A clatter of hoofs, a flashing of sabers, a cheer from the troopers just arrived, a hoarse yell from inside the laager, and in ten minutes it was all over, and the Matabeles were flying.

Barker, when he had time, looked about him and saw Saunders standing alone, erect and pale. The captain hesitated, and then went up to him.

"Mr. Saunders," he said, "there must be some awful mistake. Can't you explain it?"

Saunders sadly shook his head.

"I know appearances are against me," he answered quietly, "and I don't blame you fellows a bit, but I must have an inquiry."

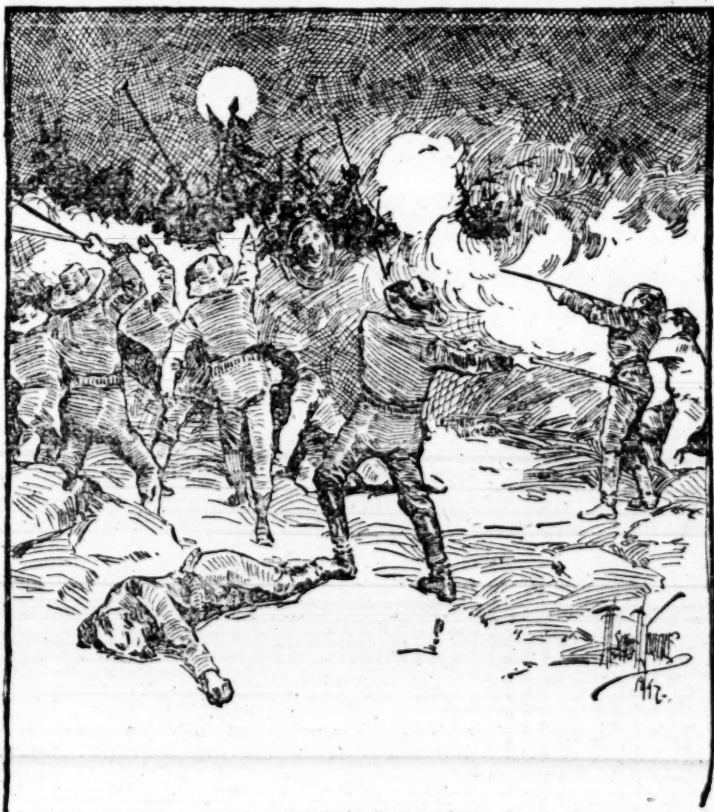
"Eh baas!" a rasping voice squeaked by the captain's side, and Barker turned swiftly around and saw the little missing Mashona. He had slipped across the drift in the darkness just as Saunders had done, when he thought it was all up with the English. Now he had slipped back again when he saw the Matabeles were beaten. A Mashona is an awful coward, and he is an inveterate, cunning thief. Barker saw it all, and snatched the little wretch clear from the ground furiously. Something fell on the ground as he did so, from his waist cloth—a gold piece! The miserable savage had taken the gold from Curtis, which he understood, but the point which he did not understand, he had, with cunning, slipped into the pocket of Saunders to divert attention from his own wretched self.

There are few men among the settlers of Rhodesia more honored today than Saunders.

### A HINT TO BOYS.

After seeing muddy coffee poured from a pretentious silver urn and sent in from a kitchen where one knows there is every modern appliance to aid perfect cookery, it is a triumph to show what can be done with a 5-cent tin pail and an egg shell or two. If the "drip" coffee pot can be packed up with the other cooking utensils it is certainly more economical, but if the following directions are followed the result will be so delicious that one will feel tempted to use no other means to such a satisfactory end.

For breakfast coffee allow a generous tablespoon of ground coffee to each person and one extra to every four. Put this in a pail, crush up a couple of eggshells, or, better still, beat an egg, put half of this with the coffee, add another tablespoon or two of cold water, shake the pail so that each grain of coffee becomes damp; now add boiling water in the proportion of half a pint to each person and boil surely for three minutes, watching the time. At the end of this time pour in half a cup of cold water; let it stand for two or three minutes where it will keep hot, but has not the slightest chance of boiling, and well flavored, clear coffee will be the sure result. If coffee is made just for once, use the whole egg; if onelette is made and there are plenty of shells, they answer as well, but a little more cold water must be used in preparing. Be careful not to shake the pail when pouring out the coffee, and bear in mind that, although the coffee should be of medium fineness, it must by no means be ground like snuff. To be perfect this coffee must be drunk as soon as ready, and if milk is used it must be boiling hot; if one is fortunate enough to have secured a little cream, so much the better.



THEY CHARGED BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

the indunas of the army, who had sent them re-enforcements, so that they now numbered some sixty or seventy men. They were thus six times the size of the white men, but they were poorly armed with rifles and poor, unaccustomed shots. They had, however, their great protective shields and their deadly assegais—the dreaded, destructive broad-bladed spears. Even after night had fallen they charged by the light of the near, majestic African moon. They got within twenty, within ten, within five yards of it; twice they scrambled half over the breastworks; once they made a breach in the bags—but they never got a footing within it, although they left two or three dead within and many just outside. Toward morning the fighting ceased and the Matabeles drew off, but not very far.

"They have sent for more re-enforcements," said Captain Barker, resignedly, "and unless the chaps at the fort send out for us, we are all done for. Oh, for a gatling to cover that river!"

"On such a short expedition for grain," said Romeyn, the second in command, "nobody thought we needed it, especially with the Matabeles miles away. And we never would either if that yankee—"

"Hush!" said Barker. "Hello! my American friend, you fought splendidly all night. Thank you!"

"I had need to," said the American, sadly, "seeing all the trouble I brought you into. You would have been up-saddling now and back at fort C—in safety had it not been for me."

"Pshaw! Mr—?"

"Saunders, sir."

"Saunders, it is all in the game out here. They burned your settlement, eh? Killed your partner? Very hard; very hard! But it's all in the game, as I say, and we'll all be done with the game for good tonight, I fancy. Well, I've played it long enough, but you're quite a boy. Romeyn, could any one make it to the fort?"

"We have no horses with us," said Romeyn, "and even if we had, the Matabeles would get a messenger as soon as he crossed the river, I'm afraid it's our only chance, but—it's impossible."

They began, now the sun was up, to gather together and count their losses. Only three were unwounded, one of whom was Saunders. He had a bullet through his right coat sleeve, and as he held it up he retained his gun in his hand, so that several noticed it.

"Hello!" cried Barker. "You've got Ned Curtis's rifle. How's that?"

"Why," said Saunders, "I took it from that dead man lying under the wagon there."

"Dead!" Barker cried. "How? He was too sick by far with the fever to fight."

"He ran to the shaded place where the

owed the trooper's face. He beckoned the others aside.

"You placed the yankee beside Ned last night," whispered the soldier, "and he took his gun."

Saunders was busy with his rifle apart. They all glanced at him with suspicion. The American felt in his side pocket for a handkerchief to use as a rag. He flipped it out, and a white paper fell to the ground.

"Mr. Saunders," said Barker, coldly, stepping up to him, "you have dropped something. Permit me to pick it up."

He did so. It was an envelope addressed to Edward Curtis.

"You thief!" said Barker, sternly.

### III. The Relief.

The matter had taken but a few minutes; even now the sun was not clearly above the horizon. The Matabeles lay beyond rifle range, eating, watching and waiting for re-enforcements. It was certain that in spite of their severe loss, they would not retire. The white men had been straining their eyes to watch the movements of the savages; now they all turned to watch Saunders—to watch him with threatening, angry faces, for, on the veldt, as on the plains, justice and revenge are swift.

"Is this the return you offer for rescuing you from these brutes and getting ourselves into the mess?" Barker said coldly. "I will trouble you for my dead friend's other property, for which I am responsible, a gold sovereign, for instance."

Saunders looked at him. He was very pale and he shook a little.

"Do I understand you to say," he asked, "that I have robbed yonder dead man?"

"Exactly. We know you are poor, and bank of England notes are good as gold everywhere. It was a temptation, but—the thing is horrible!"

"Upon my honor, I never did this," cried the bewildered youngster. "You do not know me, but, if you did, you would know I am incapable."

A hoarse growl arose among the soldiers, and one determined looking fellow spoke up. "Captain Barker," he said, "everybody here saw the envelope with the money drop from his pocket. When we rescued him we thought we were rescuing a friend. We all know that theft is the unpardonable crime amongst comrades. I propose, as we made a mistake, that we rectify it. We took him from the Kaffirs; now let us send him back to them."

The men about murmured an approval. "It's justice," they said; "pitch him over the barricades."

"No!" cried Barker emphatically. "That would be murder! Besides, he fought mag-



# WINNING THEIR SPURS

By  
GEORGE KILMER.

## Gallantry of Young Soldiers in Battle

(Copyright, 1897, by S. S. McClure Co.)  
General Fitz John Porter won his spurs in the attack on the City of Mexico fifty years ago. He gained regular promotion and was honored with two brevets for gallant deeds performed within a few days of one another. When he learned that the highest of the brevets had been awarded for gallantry at the storming of Chapultepec he was very much astonished, and said that he didn't think his work that day was nearly as deserving of notice as something he had done shortly before in another action, and especially not to be compared with his conduct in the attack upon the Belen Gate, where he was wounded. His case offers a good illustration of the fact that deeds of martial valor are unpremeditated, and that the real hero is at the time unconscious that he is doing anything extraordinary. Only stage heroes pose for applause and award.

A good soldier is absorbed in doing his duty, the humble work that lies closest to hand. If there is a crisis he acts in the same way and with readiness and presence of mind does the right thing for the emergency. When Porter won his highest brevet he was only a sub lieutenant, just out of the academy at West Point. He served with the famous Drum's battery at Chapultepec. The battery was ordered to keep close to the heels of the storming column, which charged upon the walls of that noted stronghold. Lieutenant Porter devoted his attention to the cannon with which he was serving, and went ahead through fire and smoke until suddenly the whole detachment burst into the enemy's fortress, victors. Porter's gallantry gained him the favor of General Scott, who appointed him on his staff.

The deeds of valor by which Robert E. Lee revealed himself to the world were also performed in an unobtrusive way. That was in Mexico, too. Lee was then a captain in the engineer corps, where there is little chance for the display of personal heroism, but when sent out to reconnoiter the enemy's position he stopped at no risk if he saw a chance to learn more than he was called upon to do by his orders.

At Buena Vista Captain Lee volunteered to go into the enemy's territory and verify a report about the position of Santa Anna's army. A cavalry escort sent to protect him failed to be at the rendezvous, and his native Mexican guide showed himself so cowardly and incompetent that he cast him adrift and made the trip of forty miles alone. He brought to the American camp news about Santa Anna which gave Taylor's army its brilliant victory at Buena Vista.

Another feat that has been rehearsed a thousand times around American campfires was the perilous passage across volcanic rockbeds of Pedregal, near the City of Mexico, to carry vital dispatches between the divided wings of Scott's army. The rocks were pointed so sharp as to cut the shoes, the night was dark and stormy, and Santa Anna's pickets lined the way on either side. After seven aides had attempted to cross and given it up, Lee set out alone and succeeded. Scott declared that it was "the greatest feat of physical and moral courage performed by any individual during the campaign."

Two brevets were given to Captain Lee for his gallantry in Mexico, and when Virginia selected him to lead her forces in 1861 the president of the convention recalled the unfading luster shed upon American arms in that campaign, and said, "It is because no small share of the glory of those achievements was due to your valor that the mother of heroes selects you to wield her sword of command."

While thinking of these quiet and unassuming American heroes, I can but recall the story of General Havelock's son and aid, the "boy Harry," as he was called by the soldiers, in the war of the Sepoy mutiny. One day when he was about to attack a Sepoy stronghold, Havelock sent Harry to bring up the Sixty-fourth regiment and place it on the front line opposite the center of the mutineers. The Sepoys had a twenty-four-pounder right in the roadway. As the word advance the Sixty-fourth moved straight upon the gun, which fired solid shot into its ranks until it was within 300 paces and then showered the ground with grape and canister. To inspire the men, the boy placed himself in front of the muzzle of the piece and dashed on until he reached it, followed by the soldiers, who would dare anything under such leadership. The gun was taken and the day was won. Throughout that ordeal, so his comrades declared, the boy was as calm and as unconscious of the awful surroundings as though sitting quietly at home and telling stories of his campaigns in India.

America has a modest hero, Harry, too. Harry Reese, the winner of a gold medal of honor from congress and also an officer's commission for marvelous coolness and bravery in the affair of Burnside's mine at Petersburg. Harry was a popular leader among the volunteers who went out from the mining districts of Pennsylvania in 1861. He served in the ranks until 1861. Young as he was, he had practical experience in mining, and was one of the projectors of the plan to drive a shaft under a confederate fort and lay a magazine of powder to destroy the formidable work and open a gateway to the city of Petersburg. When his superiors doubted the feasibility of the project, Sergeant Reese promised that the actual labor of the mine should be performed at all hazards, and that labor proved to be the excavation and removal of 18,000 cubic feet of earth from a tunnel extending under the confederate lines. The earth was dug out and removed at night. For fear of detection from the ground overhead the men worked in a close shaft without air from the surface. The smallest aperture could not be made through the roof of the tunnel without danger of its being found out by confederate scouts or pickets. In that foul air the miners became faint and needed to be cheered and encouraged at every step. The soul of the enterprise was young Reese, who remained in the tunnel

constantly and took what sleep he had at the mouth of the pit.

But the most heroic feat of all was when the mine had been completed and half a ton of powder packed into the cells beneath the doomed fort. Twenty thousand men stood waiting to charge into the breach the moment of the explosion, and a fuse running through the powder trough, the length of the tunnel, was burning slowly toward the fatal spot. The hour was just before daylight, and the delay of even ten minutes would defeat all. Urgent messages came from Grant to explode the mine, but after more than time enough had elapsed to allow the spark to work itself to the magazine if failed to explode. Daylight came, and the enemy was aroused. Reese drew his soldier's clasp dirk, and, turning to a fellow, said: "I

point of its little nails as firmly as it can; it makes a movement similar to that of a shiver, then the skin on the middle of the back breaks apart, the wings slip out of their sheath, as we sometimes take off our gloves by turning them inside out. After this stripping the ephemere begins to fly. Some times it holds itself straight up on the surface of water on the end of its tail, flapping its wings one against the other. It takes 10 nourishment in the five or six hours which are the limit of its life. It seems to have been formed but to multiply, for it does not leave its state of a worm until it is ready to deposit its eggs, and it dies as soon as they are deposited. In three days' time one sees appear and die all species of ephemeres. They last sometimes until the fifth day, for the reason that some malady has affected some of them and prevent them from changing at the same time as the others.

## HOW BETTY GOT WASHINGTON'S BREAKFAST

Betty's heart beat wildly, General Washington was in the house—the great General Washington. And she was to wait on him at the table at breakfast; her mother had



PORTER TENDS TO THE CANON.

am going into the mine. If it don't blow up, give me time to reach the last splice, and then you come to me with fresh fuse and twine." He went into the tunnel, following up the tell tale streak of black ashes that showed that the fuse had burnt its way toward the train of flashing powder leading into the sulphur chambers beyond. The fire might reach there at any second, and set the whole mine aflame. Half way through the tunnel the brave miner saw what seemed to be a strip of uncharred fuse. The fire had stopped in a splice in the cord, where it had been wound tightly. Reese made a short fuse for quick work, relit the flashing string and emerged from the mouth of the tunnel just as the magazine exploded its chambers, carrying everything, ramparts and cannon and soldiers, up with it. Then a mass of ruins appeared where the strong armament of Lee had stood, grim and terrible, a moment before.

Reese was decorated with the shoulder straps of a lieutenant for that act, and after he had been wounded by a grape shot later in the campaign his deed was brought to the attention of congress, with the result that a gold medal of honor was added to his decorations.

## A Curious Insect.

It is in August that the naturalists observe the marvelous insect which is born, reproduced and dies in the period of a single night on the banks of the Rhine, of the Seine and of the Rhine; it is the ephemere of which Stramanderam has written, and which is spoken of in Aristotle.

The life of this insect does not last beyond four or five hours. It dies toward 11 o'clock in the evening after taking the form of a butterfly about six hours after midday. It is true, however, that before taking this form it has lived three years in that of a worm, which keeps always near the border of water in the holes which it makes in the mud.

The change of this worm in the water to an ephemere which flies is so sudden that one has not the time to see it. If one takes the worm in the water the hand cannot be taken away before the change is made, unless by pressing the worm slightly in the region of the chest; by this means it can be taken from the water before the change takes place.

The ephemere, after leaving the water, seeks a place where it can divest itself of a fine membrane or veil, which entirely covers it. This second change takes place in the air.

The ephemere arrests itself with the

said so. And if her father did not get home that night or very early in the morning, perhaps he would be there to dinner, too. How she hoped her father would not come. But to think that she would see him for even a little while!

Her eyes had opened very wide when her mother had come into her little room under the eaves, where she lay almost asleep, and told her who was there. She did not feel sleepy after that. Indeed, she lay awake for hours—her cheeks flushed, her eyes shining. She closed them at last only to dream that she was going in a coach and four to see General Washington climb up a ladder of roses to make a speech to his ardent admirers.

"Betty!" The voice full of pain roused her. She sprang to her feet and gazed bewilderingly about in the dim, morning light. What had happened? Ah, she had been dreaming about the poor, frozen soldiers. She was just about getting back into bed when the voice came again. This time there was no mistake. She was not dreaming now. She hurried down the dark stairway, where, to her dismay, her mother lay pale and trembling across the foot of her bed.

"Don't be frightened, Betty," she said, raising her white, drawn face, "it's only a sprain. I turned my ankle as I was getting down from the cupboard. I wanted to get the best tablecloth. What shall we do about breakfast? I can't move a step," she groaned.

"Never you mind, mother," said Betty, cheerily, rushing about for the arnica and camphor and various other panaceas. "I can get breakfast—I know I can. Don't you worry; you know you always told me not to when a thing couldn't be helped! And keep rubbing on the arnica and I'll bring you some hot water to bathe your foot in as soon as ever I can."

Betty hastily dressed herself and hurried down to the kitchen. How dark it seemed. It must be earlier than she had thought. But that was all the better—for now she would have a chance to "experiment" with the griddle cakes. She took off the stove lid to build the fire, when she happened to glance at the coal box. It was empty.

"Dear," she said to herself, "not a bit of coal, and father told Jonas so particularly to come over every night and see that there was plenty in. Well, I suppose I'll have to get some." She threw a shawl over her head and taking up the coal bucket, unlocked the door, but when she tried to open it it hardly moved. Some feathery snowflakes sifted in upon her head. Then it was that the truth flashed upon her. They were snowed in!

She went to the window and tried to

look out. Only a blank wall met her eyes. What was to be done? She sank helplessly into a chair, while visions of General Washington in his splendid gold-laced uniform, juggling plates in the snow to the coal house in the back yard, swept through her brain.

Suddenly a thought struck her. She clapped her hands together excitedly, and a moment later was mounting the stairs.

"Mother," she said, as she passed through where her mother lay, "does your foot hurt you very bad now?" Reassured by the reply, she went on up to the attic, closing the door carefully behind her.

The old oak branches of the "Sentinel," as Betty had dubbed the ancient tree, swayed drearily to and fro against the casement. She threw open the window wide and grasped one of the limbs firmly. Then she tried to sever it from the main trunk with the clumsy hatchet, which she had brought up with her.

"Dear, I didn't know wood was so tough!" she gasped, after several ineffectual attempts. But patience and perseverance accomplish all things, and before long she had quite a respectable armful of fuel.

"Betty, dear," her mother said, as she cautiously opened the door, advanced and then retreated, "you must get about breakfast, child! What have you been doing?" "Yes, mother, yes; you just shut your eyes," replied Betty, incoherently. "I've got a surprise for you, but I can't tell it to you now. Are your eyes shut?"

"She mustn't know a thing about this till it's all over," she said to herself as she made a dash across the room. "It would worry her to death!"

Betty's fire, notwithstanding that it was of green wood, turned out well, and her griddle cakes were marvels of lightness and palatableness, and her coffee, General Washington said, had an aroma and flavor unknown to coffee brewed in camp. Certain it is that he drank a great deal of it, and told her, when the story of the wood slipped out, that she had the true "colonial spirit." Betty was very proud and happy over it all. Indeed, she told her father that night when he came in, covered with snow, from the great drift about the house, which Jonas and the neighbors had hurriedly "tunneled" out, that it had been the happiest day of her life, and she knew—just knew that she could never pass such another one!

"O, if you could only have heard General Washington ask for just one more griddle cake!" she sighed raptuously. "I just one more, and just one more when I should like to have him eat a thousand—that is, if the fire would only have held out."

## THE KING'S FOX.

### An Interesting Story King Victor Emmanuel

Victor Emmanuel, the great Italian king and hero and the first sovereign of modern united Italy, was very democratic in his personal ways and was easier of access than any other royal personage of the century; in fact, our own president is not more easily appealed to by any citizen, perhaps not as easily, for Victor Emmanuel opened all his letters and any one who asked a private audience was pretty sure of getting it; besides this chance of appealing to the king, he held receptions every Sunday at the palace, the Quirinal in Rome, which any who wished could attend. He was very fond of hunting, and one day when hunting he got separated from the small party accompanying him and, meeting a peasant, he found pleasure in "showing off" to this new audience, and brought down two partridges, right and left, with his double-barreled gun. The peasant was properly impressed, and said: "You shoot well, you do."

"It wasn't a miss, now, was it?" remarked the gratified sportsman.

"Perhaps," said the peasant, "you could kill a fox that steals my hens?"

"Most willingly!"

"If you do," said the other, "I'll give you 3 francs" (about 60 cents).

"Agreed," declared the king. "I'll come tomorrow with my dog and shoot the fox, and you are to pay me 3 francs."

"Give me your hand on it," said the man, and the king shook hands with him. The next day he kept his word, found the fox and killed it, and the peasant counted him out his pay. The king took it and seemed to weigh it thoughtfully in his hand.

"This is the first money I ever earned," he said, "and it gives me a very pleasant feeling."

The next day he sent a dress and necklace and earrings to the peasant's wife.

He went alone and on foot about Rome, often entering the theatres at the public doors. One day the portress of the Augenes theater caught a gentleman putting smoke from his cigar into the face of her favorite angora cat. Rushing forward to rescue her pet, she seized his tormentor by the arm; he turned around, and there she was face to face with the king.

This was a very different kind of general friendliness from that shown by most sovereigns, even when they pride themselves on their graciousness. For instance, George IV of England prided himself on lifting his hat to every one who saluted him in public, but once it was observed that he bowed to every one on the street till he came to a man who swept a crossing, whom he passed without notice. He explained the matter afterward when points of etiquette were under discussion, by saying: "To salute a beggar without giving him something would be a mockery, and to stop for the purpose of bestowing sixpence would wear the semblance of ostentation in a prince."

Victor Emmanuel would have done some kind of thing under the circumstances, before he would have had time for such second-rate reasoning in defense of rudeness.

Walter Scott's original autograph manuscript of the "Lady of the Lake" will be sold at auction this month in London, together with the manuscripts of the "Tale of a Grandfather," of "Old Mortality" and of "Castle Dangerous."

In 1829 the first locomotive ever run in this country, the Stourbridge Lion, was imported from England; and two years later Mr. Baldwin began, in a small way, the manufacture of locomotives in Philadelphia. The capacity of the Baldwin works is now 1,000 engines a year.



## THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

## YOUNG PEOPLE SOCIALLY.

Miss Annis Constantine has gone with her parents on a month's visit to Asheville, N. C. Her little friends on Capitol avenue were sorry to see her go, yet wished her a pleasant trip.

Miss Julia Bald, with her mother and older sister, left Thursday for Cumberland Island to spend ten days. This is the third trip of little Julia to this island and she promised to write The Junior of her happy days.

Master James L. Richmond, who is well known among the little folks of this city, left last Friday for Cumberland. He writes The Junior that he is having a great time catching crabs and fish out of the inlet.

Miss Marie Louise McKeldin will soon leave for the country. Her parents and brothers are going to stay until school opens at their pretty home on Watkins farm.

Master Walter Venable is at Mont Rest with his uncle, where he is having a great time. There is a lake not far from the house and Walter is among those who visit it every day.

Little Mamie Long is going to Lithia Springs this week. She will spend a month there. Her mother promised her a party on the spacious lawn after they are there several days and she has invited a number of her little friends from the Boulevard to come up to it.

The parents of Willie McLaughlin have moved to Kirkwood, where they will make their future home. The little friends on Courtland street were sorry to see him leave, but promised to come to see him often.

Mrs. W. S. Luther, of Highland avenue, gave her daughter, little Estelle, a birthday party on Thursday night. The little lady was eight years old, and entertained her guests in a becoming manner. Cream and cakes were served on the lawn. Many games were played by the little folks, who remained until after dark enjoying themselves. Many pretty little presents were given the little lady.

The hot days of July are driving almost all of The Junior readers out of the city. Many of those bright little people who contribute to it weekly are spending their vacations in the country and elsewhere. Several of them have consented to write The Junior of their trips. Others who are enjoying themselves and want to write about it, can send their letters to The Junior and they will be published.

Ponce de Leon Springs was the scene of a lively time on Friday afternoon. The Sunday school class of Miss Bethram went out to enjoy themselves. They carried a lunch with them and were prepared to have a great time.

The big pavilion was turned over to them and they enjoyed many games on the slick floor. Under the trees about 6 o'clock the lunch was spread and the twelve little people ate until they could eat no more.

They returned to the city with flowers and ferns in their hands and shouting and laughing. The kind teacher saw all of them to their homes before it was dark.

## The Reason Why.

As I stand here under the tree  
I hear such a mournful cry,  
I wonder what is the trouble,  
As the mother bird flits by.  
Ah, I see you, little boys!  
I know now the reason why,  
As under the tree I stood,  
I heard such a mournful cry.  
I see two pretty little eggs  
As they lay upon the grass;  
I see two cruel little faces,  
As the little boys I pass.  
If the little bird could speak,  
What do you think she would say?  
"Oh, please, little boys, do not  
Take my precious eggs away!"  
Do not rob the dear little birds,  
Do not be so cruel again.  
You did very, so very wrong  
To cause them grief and pain.

—JENNIE BURDINE.

Farr, S. C.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

For the first time in the history of Christianity, Norway, bootblacks are found on the streets.

In Chicago recently the steel skeleton for a nine-story building was erected in twenty days.

China has established a consulate at Warsaw, with the object of promoting trade between Poland and Manchuria.

Quilts, as a game, is said to have originated with the Greeks, and to have been first played at Olympic games 1453 B. C.

Buluwayo is to set up a great brazen image of Cecil Rhodes in one of its squares. The order has been sent to a British sculptor named Tweed.

Of every man and woman living today at the age of twenty-five, one out of two will live, according to the tables, to be sixty-five years of age.

Friendship's (Mame) proud boast is a great grandmother only fifty-three years old, which leads that town's correspondent to a neighboring paper to challenge the world.

It is estimated that more than eighty tons of diamonds have been unearthed in the south African fields during the last eighteen years. These represent a value of \$20,000,000.

A Virginia evangelist preaches to the people from a "mission boat" in the river. He cannot be induced to preach on shore. Water and religion, he says, "go together."

Austrians spent \$3,205,809 florins on tobacco in all its forms last year. The most popular form was "drama cigarettes," at 1/4 cent each, of which no less than 1,100,000,000 were sold.



Albert Boyles, Martindale, Ga.—I inclose 10 cents to pay my dues for the Grady hospital club. I only see six names on the list. I hope there will be a great many more added to it next issue. Let all of the boys and girls join in and there will be several dollars made when all have paid their dues, which will be of great benefit to the poor sick children in the hospital.

Nannie Russum, Canaan, Miss.—Dear Aunt Susie: I wish to call long enough to give our recipe for destroying flies. It was in the dear old Constitution about a year ago; it is simple, but good: One egg well beaten, two teaspoonsful of sugar, one teaspoonful of pepper, well mixed with half teacup of fresh buttermilk; put it in a plate and set it on your sidetable and renew every morning. Success to The Constitution and Woman's Kingdom. I inclose 5 cents for the Grady hospital.

Alice Miller, Bishop, S. C.—Dear Junior: As this is my first attempt to write I will not say much, but will tell the juniors about a man coming to grandpa's to spend the night and saying that his name was "Bill Arp."

Grandpa was not at home and there was no one there except grandpa and the children. The children were afraid, but grandpa wasn't. It was about dark when the man came. He came up to the horse lot and hollered hello! Grandpa heard him and went out on the piazza to see who it was. She asked him who he was and what he wanted? He only said that his name was "Bill Arp."

Grandma just said to my mother, who was standing near her: "I know that is not true, for 'Bill Arp' is a noted Georgia writer and that he is too much of a gentleman not to come to the front gate and ask politely to stay all night." By that time the cook, old Aunt Martha Ann, and her little boy Ned came in and took a seat on the stairs in grandma's room. Little Ned sat close to his mother and said:

"Mamma, ain't you skereed? Is dat man guine to git us?" Then Aunt Martha Ann would say: "Hush, honey, hush!" But soon a hired colored man came in and their fears were all gone. Grandpa, always when he was absent from home would have one of his hired men to sleep in the kitchen to protect the family. You may be sure that man didn't stay all night at grandpa's.

Aunt Susie, I think from your description of the Grady hospital that it must be beautiful. I think you have a lot of patience with us. I do wish you would write every week, for I enjoy reading your letters so much. Many wishes for you a long and happy life. I expect this letter is too long now, so I will close.

Chester Minter, Winfred, Jasper County, Georgia—Dear Aunt Susie: I am a little boy six years old. My papa is a farmer and I help him and mamma do all I can. I do not go to school, but my auntie teaches me in the afternoons.

Inclosed find 10 cents for the Grady hospital and I hope to be able to join the club too. Much love to you and the cousins.

L. M. Bertha, Ala.—Will some one please tell me where I can obtain James Whitcomb Riley's book of poems entitled "Green Fields and Running Brooks." I would like to exchange for it, but do not know its price, and so cannot say what I would exchange. Please tell me through The Constitution and oblige a constant reader.

Shelton Johnson, Elba, Tenn.—Dear Junior: How many of you like seining? I think it awful nice sport. We were on the creek not long since. We caught ever so many nice fish and one large turtle, and bullfrogs by the wholesale. I will exchange a pair of thoroughbred game chickens for a setter puppy. My old setter was stolen by some one near Early Grove, Miss. Will pay a reward for his return or any information leading to his recovery. I think the children's ward ever so nice at the Grady hospital. Aunt Susie can take my name as a member of the club. Inclosed find 5 cents. Best wishes to Aunt Susie.

Julia King, Ninety-Six, S. C.—Dear Junior: I have been reading the letters of the cousins for a long time, but never had the courage to write until now. I live in the country and enjoy picking blackberries with my dear mother. Wild flowers of all sizes and shades are blooming in rich profusion on the top and sides of the hills.

I inclose 5 cents for the Grady hospital.

Alma Morgan, Glover, N. C.—I have been going to school, but I have vacation now. I help mamma to sweep, wash dishes and churn. I have five brothers and one sister. Papa likes The Constitution very much, and has been taking it over twelve years. I don't think we could get along without it. I have read the New Testament through, and I am reading the old. I like to read books very much, and think everybody ought to read the Bible. With much love to Aunt Susie and the cousins I close.

Randolph Noble, Learned, Miss.—Will you give a little four-year-old boy admittance into your charming circle? Papa is a farmer, and I like to go over the fields with him and see the pretty cotton blooms and little watermelons. I have two little sisters, Bettie and Alice, and we water mamma's flowers every day. I have a pretty dog. His name is Tige, and a pretty little pet kid to play with. I will inclose 5 cents for the Grady hospital.

Mamie S. Davis, Montgomery, Ala.—Dear Junior: As I have never written to The Constitution, I thought I would write.

I am a farmer's daughter. We live out in the country, twenty-three miles southeast of Montgomery. My father is a farmer and a merchant and runs a steam gin. We have a large mill pond near our house and we go fishing three or four times a week, and sometimes we catch a hundred and twenty-nine fish, but they are not very large. Our school will begin the 1st of September and I will be so glad, for I love to go to school. Some of the Juniors write about their pets; but I haven't any pets, except my piano. Papa gave me a pretty piano last year and I love to practice and try to learn how to play. I am a little girl twelve years old. I inclose 5 cents for the Grady hospital. Love to Aunt Susie and the Juniors.

Freddie Savage, Dryden, Tex.—Dear Junior: I am a little boy ten years old. Will you please allow me to enter the happy band of cousins? My sister and brother wrote to you about three years ago. This is a very lonely place. We do not live at Dryden. Dryden is only our post-office. We live at a place called Eldridge, seven miles from Dryden. Papa gets to Dryden about three times a week on a handcar. Papa works Mexicans on the section. Our nearest neighbor lives seven miles from us. Mamma says she wished we were living on a farm, so we could go to school. I am going to be a preacher when I grow up to be a man. If I see this in print, next time I write I'll send some money.

Miss Patience Potter, Trion, Ga.—Dear Junior: It has never before occurred to me that I would like to write a letter to your department, but seeing so many nice letters from you cousins, I thought I would join your merry band. You are writing on subjects; I will take "Pride" for my subject. It is pleasant to meet people who are pleasant, affable and kind, who do not seek to extinguish you with disdain or humiliate you with indifference. People can be over-pleasant as well as overbearing, but the former is infinitely preferable. Habit has something to do with a man's behavior, although disposition is the strongest element, certainly so when men have contracted habits of pride and insolence that are almost brutal. Pride and money enters into the life of some men and makes them cold and haughty, who lacking it, would have been kind and considerate. Jesus inveighed most strongly against pride and hauteur, and said the publican was justified rather than the proud Pharisee for all the lengthy prayers of the latter. In view of the shortness of life and its many unavoidable cares and troubles, we think it is a wise thing to cultivate a pleasant manner toward all. "Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" must be an inscrutable puzzle from any true and just point of view. "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall" is as true today as in the long ago, when it was written. Pope calls pride "the never failing vice of fools" and wisely, too. There is in pride and hauteur a disenfranchising of men beyond computation. If pride is not vice, it can lay little claim to virtue. Why, then, be proud and haughty? Rich or poor, high or low should shun its narrowing spirit and learn to practice a pleasant manner, a courteous spirit of kindness toward all whom we may meet in this transitory world. With best wishes to you all, adieu. Age eighteen; correspondence solicited.

W. L. Irwin, Bolton, Ga.—Dear Junior: As Aunt Susie has requested us to write on a subject, I will take "Friendship" for mine. Friendship is a sweet attraction of the heart toward the merit we esteem, and produces a mutual inclination between two or more persons to promote each other's interest. The sweetest and most satisfactory connections in life are those formed by the ties of friendship. Friendship is the most sacred of all moral bonds. It relieves our cares, raises our hopes and abates our fears. Friendship doubles our joys and divides our grief. Friendship is a flower that blooms in all seasons and in all places, everywhere cheering us by its indescribable charms and affection. Wherever it is watered by the dewdrops of kindness, there you will be sure to find it, and it sheds its fragrance on all around. Best wishes to all. Correspondence solicited.

Ethel and May Hambrick, Glenville, Ark.—We are two little girls, age seven and eight years. We help mamma wash dishes, sweep and play with our little blue-eyed baby sister. Her name is Eula Marie. Our papa takes The Constitution. He has some relatives living in Atlanta. We have been going to school all winter, but our school is out now for the summer. We send 10 cents for the children's ward.

Phill Matthews, Humbolt, Tenn.—Dear Junior: Will you please admit a little twelve-year-old Tennessee boy into your happy band? I live on a farm just one mile from Humboldt. Crops are needing rain very much now. We are very busy harvesting wheat and oats, which have made a very good crop. I wish that some of the little cousins could have been with me strawberry time, and helped me eat them; we had so many nice ones. I will inclose 10 cents, as I wish to become a member of the Grady hospital club.

Ulla S. B., Flat Rock, Ga.—Dear Junior: I have been reading the dear old Constitution this morning, and of course I always read the cousins' letters first.

Why don't the cousins who live in beautiful and picturesque places describe their homes and tell us of the pretty scenery around them? I enjoyed Mr. John J. Webb's letter from Florida so much, and I hope he will write often, for I never tire of learning more about the lovely land of flowers, and I hope to visit Florida before very long.

If our cousins will read Clystura Surle's letter and take the advice given therein they will be the boys whom people will point out to their children and say: "There is a true gentleman. Learn to be as manly and pure as he is, and your life will not be all in vain." Cousins, I wish you would read her letter. It is truly a prayer for all of you who use profane language, but I hope none of our cousins ever indulge in the folly. I would like for some of the cousins to write to me. I ride horseback, and enjoy riding so much.

We have a rock quarry here which furnishes

ishes rock for Columbus, but there hasn't been any rock crushed now for some time. We often have picnics at the quarry, and it is surely a lovely place. There is a dancing room with thick green leaves and vines for the top and sides of it. There is a nice spring also, and Rock creek runs through the place. We have one very high moss rock from which, when standing on the top of it, we can see all around us for a great distance, and the fields, forests and all pretty scenery look much more beautiful when viewed from the top of this grand rock. J. H. Johnston, let me hear from you. I used to think you wrote very interesting letters.

Lillian Chaplin, Chisolm, S. C.—As I have never seen a letter from this place among the juniors, I have concluded to write. I am a little girl nine years old, and I want to join the circle. If this does not find the waste basket, I may come again and give a description of my home. I will inclose 10 cents for the hospital. With love to Aunt Susie and the cousins, I will close.

Myrtle Russell, Cato, Miss.—I am a little girl ten years old. I help mamma take care of Baby Grace. I have six sisters, four brothers and more than eighty first cousins. I can play on the organ. I send 5 cents for the Grady hospital.

Albert L. Cater, Vinegar Bend, Ala.—Dear Junior: I am a little boy ten years old. I will join the Grady Hospital Club and pay 10 cents a year to help support it. I see only a few cousins have joined. I hope to see more next time. I will close till next time.

Maggie Parker, Wade's Park, Ga.—Will you allow a little Brooks county girl the pleasure of joining your happy band? I am thirteen years old, but am very small, so maybe there is room for me somewhere among the larger cousins. Our postoffice, which is situated two miles east of where we live, is a very pretty little place. It has only one store and a hotel. There is a spring just a few steps from it called the "Blue Spring," and the Withlacoochee river is not very far from it. When the water rises it covers the spring up so you can't hardly tell where it is. I went to see the water twice last spring when it was up so high that it ran into the post-office. I went one time with two of my little cousins. We drove an old mule and we had a very nice time. The Constitution is a weekly visitor in our home and I enjoy reading the cousins' letters. Bill Arp's and Sarge Plunkett's. Plunkett's letter in the last paper about Brown and the lightning bugs was fine. I reckon Brown has quit the bug business. Wonder what he did with those lightning bugs! Poor little things! A whole bushel of them. For fear I will make my first call too long, I will close, with best wishes to the cousins and Aunt Susie.

Frank Martenn, Bremen, Ga.—Dear Aunt Susie and Juniors: I believe I will not take any subject, but just make a few scattering remarks, as the preachers sometimes say. I am very much interested in the Grady hospital and when I read Aunt Susie's beautiful piece about it and the little patients I felt so glad that I had thrown in my mite. I have a great sympathy for the afflicted, and especially poor little sick orphan children, and love to think of those that are so fortunate as to be in that lovely room in their little white beds and a kind nurse to take care of them. Dear little Edna Browne is an angel now, but well do I remember her sad affliction. We have her picture and a letter from her, with a spray of a lily of the valley drawn by the little hands that will never have to arrange postage stamps any more. She does not need our sympathy now, but there are many more that do. So Aunt Susie can put down my name as a member of the Grady Hospital Club. I generally can find a dime to buy chewing gum and such things and wouldn't I be mean not to give a dime once a year to the little sick children? I think he is a very sorry boy or girl that can't raise so small a sum for such a good cause.

"A Southern Girl."—I have often thought of writing to The Junior, but have been too timid. Some of the boys and girls write very interesting letters. How many of The Junior members like going to school? I for one think we should go to school every day we possibly can while young and fit ourselves for something useful in after life, so that we may not only be able to help ourselves, but will be in a position where we can lend a helping hand to others less fortunate than ourselves. What a blessing our lives would seem if they could be spent in helping others instead of trying to gratify our own selfish aims. To my mind, a pure, unselfish, Christian girl who is helping others by little acts of kindness, indifferent to her own desires, is far more beautiful than the selfish sister who tries to rival society by appearing in most stylish costume, and who never speaks a word of encouragement to the despondent brother. If the girls of ordinary talents and ordinary advantages would only wake up to a true sense of their duty and privilege and do something for others, even though they were not obliged to work for themselves, and would raise their standard of womanhood out of and above the bounds of fashion, their lives would be worth so very, very much more. Girls, let's be up and doing. We know not how soon the time will come when we may be able to help some fallen brother rise. Surely there is something worth living for more satisfying than the mere gratification of self.

Marion Ridgeway, Elgin, Ga.—Dear Junior: I have been reading The Junior department a long time and thought I would write a letter, too. I enjoy the cousins' letters and "Aaron in the Wildwoods" and Aunt Susie's pieces, which are so instructive. She certainly has lots of patience to read so many letters. Papa has taken The Constitution ever since I could remember, and I am ten years old. I walk one mile and a half after it every week. I like to read. I have read "Beautiful Joe" and "The Story of Columbus," and all of the nice little stories in The Junior. History is my favorite study. As this is the first I have ever written, I could not write on a subject. Success to Aunt Susie. I will inclose 5 cents for the Grady hospital.



lowed the Rev. of the Unity with Mrs. Spr with work in building Francisco.

This afternoon McCleskey will Men's Christian the old East Mitchell street a most interesting est sympathy been identified interests. This and a hearty whole railroad who may with

The Young M meet every Fr Union mission. are cordially t vational service day, and 7:45

Rev. K. W. leze, who has In Atlanta, will true Baptist-ch Mr. Cawthon college, but ha the pulpit of t Norfolk, and churches during tablished some good preacher come to Capl are insured th

"My First I will be the s address at the sociation half The speaker v owsky, of Lou fish rabbi, but pel, Mr. Rago speaker on any tion to the as this afternoon doubt attract ed to hear hi be the case t Men's Christia are invited to attractive mus

All members are requested ing service. special serm on of the church full congrega by Our polic the fitness at man for that properly cond a mighty pow an easy task a hardened, s der place aw floodgates of floodgates of ing to a high before. Mas her tact and stance of the listen to her her a nice all overcame all gan a won Good work s in it.

The whole interested in by the pastor er observance For years pa drifting in o carelessness Ministers' E last Monday Dr. R. V. A a standing a, This i nent shape a up at any t The main latters, is the secure to th legs of Sal

# OFF TO THEIR CAMP.

## Choristers of St. Luke's Church Leave Tomorrow for Silver Lake, To Spend a Week.

Tomorrow twenty-five members of the choir of St. Luke's church leave Atlanta for Silver Lake.

It is the occasion of their annual outing and these boys, with the expectancy of many pleasant and happy days, will board the train that will carry them to their camp.

Big preparations have been made for the occasion and this year's encampment promises to excel all others in giving all the boys enjoyment. They leave prepared for sports of all kinds. In charge of several men who will look after their welfare, they will spend their week in wild pleasure.

The hare and hounds will be a great sport for the boys. In the vicinity of Silver Lake there are several farmers and negroes who have fine hare and fox dogs. These are always part of the encampment of the boys. As soon as they are settled, these hounds gather around the camps and remain with the boys until they leave.

A hare hunt every morning before breakfast will fix them for their morning meal. Last year's encampment was one to be remembered, and several of the boys have hare skins as souvenirs of their being first at the finish of the chase.

Silver Lake is a beautiful body of water and near the camp is one of the finest swimming holes around this section. Of course, the boys have a springboard from which to leap into the clear water.

The boys are already inventing schemes to induce "Uncle Mac," the guardian of the party, to let them go in swimming more than once a day. Each one has a separate scheme, and they propose to bring them all to bear at once. "I have it, boys," said one of the group that was gathered together yesterday discussing the trip. "We will all fall in the water accidentally, and then when he sees us in he won't make us come out until we get our fill of the swim." Another one of the crowd spoke up. "We can get several of the boys to entice him in another direction, and while he is gone one party can go in." This was not met with approbation, as the boys thought too much of their guardian to fool him in this way.

The cook is the main object of the boys' amusement. When nearing the dinner hour it has been the custom to lounge around at a safe distance and smell the delicious odors that come from the meal about to be served. The cracker box will be guarded by a special man, and with a padlock its contents will be kept safe.

It has been the custom since these annual encampments have occurred to invite the ladies, both young and old, out to the camp on Thursday. The boys get everything in apple pie order for their reception. It will be a lunch day and the ladies have been accustomed to carrying the encamped a lunch. The boys request that all the ladies be sure and not forget their part of the day's programme. The boys will on Thursday put on their best clothes and receive their fair visitors. They will carry them around to the swimming hole and let them see how shallow the water is and will show them their many haunts.

The mothers and friends of the boys have been very generous this year in fixing them up for the camp. Contributions have come from all sources and of various things. Thoughtfully, they have sent a good supply of Jamaica ginger, Pond's Extract and all other liquids good for sunburns and red bugs have been sent, in profusion. For these, the choristers are thankful.

Two teams have already been selected from the number and baseball will be one of their sports. Today will see the boys with their bats in their hands as they get on the train. A game has been arranged for the first day that the boys get settled good in their camp. They will play until the superiority of one team is evident. They will then choose over again and try it with a different team.

The boys will return at 9 o'clock Saturday night. One of the boys suggested that any carriages with padded seats and backs would be a very nice comfort for them to get home in.

The choir yell adopted for the occasion and the one that will astonish the natives as well as everybody else that hears it is: Ching, ching, ching, Chow, chow, chow, Chinese hash, And a bow, wow, wow, St. Luke's.

ONE OF THE BOYS.

### MACON DID NOT PLAY.

#### Atlanta's Team Received Word It Had Disbanded, and There Was No Game.

The heralded game between the Peachtree Blues and the Gresham High School of Macon will not be played.

Manager Erwin Hoyle went to work, made all the arrangements for the game, and when he notified the Macon boys that their tickets would be sent them, the reply came that the team from the Central City had disbanded and that the players were out of the city.

This was the end to the game that promised to be a great one.

The Macon boys played the Atlanta crowd a game several weeks ago and succeeded in beating them bad. They made runs until they were tired. The Atlanta team has been strengthened since their last game, and the boys hoped to play a closer game and to win.

Tickets were sold around the city, and it was thought until Friday that the Macon crowd would be here. All the tickets sold

will be refunded by calling on Erwin Hoyle, the manager of the Blues.

Within the last year a great rivalry has sprung up between the Macon and the Atlanta boys, and since the great football game in which a tie was played they are ever anxious to get together. The base-



OFF TO THE ENCAMPMENT. Twenty-five Members of St. Luke's Choir, with Their Balls, Bats and Sporting Outfits, Leave for Outing.

ball that went against Atlanta has made the Atlanta boys hot after the scalp of the Maconites, and the team they had together that were to play yesterday would certainly have won.

Next season, however, will see both teams as eager as ever to get together.

#### Letter from Cumberland.

Dear Editor—I have just returned from the beach, where I went in the surf and thought I would write The Junior a letter. Cumberland island is a good place for a boy to have fun. Today a big wave knocked me down, and I swallowed a lot of water before I could stand up again. I went down to the river yesterday, and with a big net which a negro woman had, we caught a lot of crabs. I had a big piece of fat meat tied to a string and let it into the water. The crab takes hold of the meat. You can't pull quick like you do when you fish, for he will turn loose if you do. I pulled up the biggest one that was seen that day, but he dropped back just as he got to the top of the water and before the net got under him.

There is a big hammock under the tree in front of the cottage where I stay. A big jostling board is here also. I love to jostle way up yonder. Mamma says my letter reads all right, so I will close before I make a mistake. Your little friend, James L. Richmond.

#### Visiting at Tilton, Ga.

Dear Junior—In the last report sent you from my school I promised to write another letter while off on my vacation.

I have just returned from the Cohutta mountains, where we went in a big wagon, and write this letter before going to bed. I am at Tilton, which is just a few miles from Dalton, Ga. This is where they say the whitecappers stay, but I have not seen one of them. There is a river in sight of the house where I am staying with my cousins. I go down to the river whenever my uncle will go with me, and we row in the boat. I caught a big fish the other day and could hardly pull him out of the water, he flattered so.

There are several stores not far from where I am staying. They sell the long stick candy that I like so much. I have spent all the money papa gave me at these stores, and have begun to borrow from uncle.

My uncle and several men are going deer hunting on the mountain this week, and if they kill a deer I will write how they did it. I will write a better letter next time. Helen Winship.

### THE THEATER SLIPPER.

#### A Little Incident Significant of the Trilby Craze.

There was an atmosphere of suppressed excitement in a certain room in one of the poorer tenements in Eagle court. Lame Nellie was going to the theater.

"Not one of the ten-cent shows, to be sure," Mrs. Damon explained to her interested neighbors, "but the real, tony theater, with a fine reserved seat. And she's going to see 'Trilby,' same's everybody else does."

Her auditors nodded approvingly. They had heard of Trilby. There were soaps and collars and neckties and shoe blacking named after Trilby. They had seen them

can," he declared, decidedly. "Ain't we as good as anybody? And, I say, Nell," his face breaking out into smiles, "I say, why don't you try?"

"Me?" Nell looked at him speechless beyond that exclamation.

"Yes, you," Ben repeated, boldly. "I guess we've got reserved seats just's much as anybody, and there ain't no reason why you shouldn't try."

He looked at her eagerly. Her face was aglow with excitement.

"I'd be awful proud if you would," he continued. "You've got a dreadful little foot, Nell. I've noticed that lots o' times when you've come down stairs slowly, and I just guess it's as good looking as any other lady's here, so now."

His eyes were on her face.

"I can't," she said slowly, and her eyes filled with tears.

"You can, too."

"No!"

"Why not?"

"You won't laugh if I tell you?"

"No."

"Honest?"

"Honest!"

"Well, my stockings have darns in them. she whispered softly, while a rosy flush overspread her whole face.

Ben whistled under his breath. "Too bad," he said thoughtfully, as they turned their eyes on the stage again.

But he did not see the actors—he was thinking. "I'm going out a minute," he whispered. Nell nodded.

He was gone some time. Nell began to wonder what had become of him. Perhaps he had grown tired of her and gone up to see the boys.

She sent a glance up in their direction. They smiled back at her, almost as if she had spoken to them, but Ben was not there.

He came back soon after that, and there was a queer look on his face.

He had a parcel in his hand. "It's stockings," he whispered, pushing them into her hand. "I had to go a long way for 'em," he said rapidly, "cause the stores 'round here were closed. That's what made me gone so long. There's two pair, case one didn't fit. We'll take the other back tomorrow."

"I told the lady, and she seemed tickled with the idea, and said if you got the slippers she'd give you the stockings."

"Why don't you say something? Ain't you glad?"

"Scared," said Nellie, holding the parcel tight, while her hands trembled. "I don't believe I'll do it."

"Of course, you will," Ben replied, reassuringly. "Can't do no harm, and after I went for 'em, and the boys they'll— He stopped and grew red.

"What about the boys?" Nell asked curiously.

"Well—you see"—confusedly, "I was 'fraid I didn't have money enough, so I went and borrowed some, that's all."

Nellie gave another glance upward. The boys were looking at the stage.

It took a long time to try the slippers onto the various feet presented. Several just squeezed into them; a very few were too small. These were told to wait until all had tried, that the contest might be narrowed down.

Nellie was one of the last. She was timid, and so many finely dressed ladies pushed by her, but finally the manager, who had watched her, pushed her forward.

Richly-dressed ladies whose silken stockinged feet had been too large, looked at her with smiles.

Her foot fitted into the slipper easily. "Perfect," said the manager. "Better than any of the others. Those who have tried need not wait."

Nellie stood aside. The slippers fitted the next girl, too. It was evidently to be a tie between the two.

The girl looked disconsolate as she stood talking to an elderly man.

"Pardon me," the man said, approaching Nellie, "but do you wish the slippers very much?"

Nellie looked at him inquiringly. "My daughter has set her heart on them," he explained, "but they will be awarded to you. Would you—?" He hesitated, while the girl watched them eagerly. "Would you be willing to step out—just not be here, when the final trial comes?"

He looked at her pleadingly. "I would make it good, of course," he said, his hand in his pocket.

Nellie drew back. "It would only be fair," he continued, sincerely. "The slippers are worth a hundred dollars on account of the jeweled buckles. They are yours. You simply sell them to me. Will you do it?"

"Is it right?" she queried, tremulously. "Of course," hastily, then. "Too late," he added, with a groan.

"The two ladies will please step forward," the manager requested.

The few on the stage clustered about the two. Those on the floor pressed forward.

Nellie could see Ben's face, flushed and eager, but her own was troubled.

"They are yours," said the manager, in a low tone, as Nellie's foot was withdrawn.

"What name, please?"

Nellie heard a half sob as the girl beside her turned away.

The manager was waiting. She looked at the old man by the side of his daughter. There was an eager query in his eyes.

A smile passed over her face, and she gave a little nod of assent.

"Miss Dorothy Farrington!" The old man spoke for her, and his voice was strong and clear.

A burst of applause from gathered friends in the audience, and the manager bowed and smiled as he passed the slippers, not to Nellie, for she had slipped away, but to the old man, whose face beamed with delight as he placed them on the feet of his daughter and led her to the front of the stage.

"I didn't do it a bit," Nellie said, as they walked home. "They did it for me, and she wanted them dreadfully, and I didn't care, 'cause I couldn't do anything with them, and mother will be so glad of the money." She clasped the roll tight in her hand.

"I only hope it's right."

"Of course," Ben assured her. "The money's all right; but I'm gladdest of all that they fitted you best." And he led her proudly up the rickety stairs.











## KEELY CO.

A great money-saving occasion is now offered you by a big purchase of Wash Goods made direct from the manufacturers by our resident New York partner. The addition of these goods to our already unrivaled line of Wash Goods will prove a distinctive and individual feature that is characteristic of our fixed principles of looking after our customers' wants at all seasons.

LITTLE PRICES AND BIG VALUES ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS SEASON'S BUSINESS!

Wash Goods		Wash Goods	
Lace-work Lawn.....	12 1/2 Cents	Dirigo Scroll Work.....	12 1/2 Cents
Printed Persian Lawn.....	12 1/2 Cents	Overprinted Etamines.....	12 1/2 Cents
Best American Dimities.....	12 1/2 Cents	Dainty Printed Cords.....	12 1/2 Cents
Open-work Lappets.....	12 1/2 Cents	Fancy Printed Jacketnets.....	12 1/2 Cents
Forty-inch Batiste.....	12 1/2 Cents	Grenadine Tissue Lawns.....	12 1/2 Cents
Insertion-work Dimities.....	12 1/2 Cents	Waist Style Lawns.....	12 1/2 Cents
Polka Dots and Spray Effects.....	12 1/2 Cents	Rosebud and Flower Effects.....	12 1/2 Cents
Persian Styles and Small Designs.....	12 1/2 Cents	Geometrical Scroll Work.....	12 1/2 Cents

A few specials that will be appreciated, and the quotations represent a mere fraction of the many conspicuous undervalues in all our fine goods which will be subject to your inspection this week:

97 Pieces "Our Own" Irish Dimities, difficult to get styles, at.....	17 1/2 Cents
39 Pieces Silk Stripe and Check Dress Linens, very sheer and fine.....	23 Cents
27 Pieces Silk Gingham, Stripes and Checks, superior value.....	29 Cents
110 Pieces 40-inch White Dimity, a wonderful bargain.....	10 Cents

## PARASOLS

REGARDLESS OF COST  
WE DO NOT INTEND TO CARRY OVER A SINGLE PARASOL

Parasols in Satin with Lace Insertion, Gros Grain with Lace Ruffles, Plain and Printed Chinas, Foulards with Lace Ruffles, Checked and Plaid Taffetas, Etamines, Etamines silk-lined

ABOUT ONE-THIRD THEIR VALUE

## New Laces and Ribbons

ALL THE POPULAR STYLES  
New Valenciennes in Dainty Edgings and Insertions.

NEW BLACK NARROW LACES.  
NEW BLACK SILK LACES.  
NEW RIBBONS—ALL COLORS.

NEW TORCHON AND SMYRNAS.  
NEW CREAM AND WHITE LACES.  
NEW PLAID RIBBONS—FOR BELTS

## HOSIERY

Ladies' Lisle Thread Hose, black and russet, drop stitch and plain..... 25c  
Gents' 40-gauge Half Hose, tan and fast black, full regular made..... 12 1/2c  
Infants' tan and fast black fine French ribbed, full regular made..... 12 1/2c  
Misses' Lisle Thread, fast black and French ribbed, light weight..... 25c  
Ladies' Gauze Lisle, fast black, double soles and high spliced heel..... 33 1/2c  
Gents' Lisle Thread, blue, tan and fast black..... 25c

## Ladies' Shirt Waists.

Made of the freshest fabrics, newest and prettiest colors and hand-some designs, celebrated for their correctness of style and perfection of fit.

Percales, Batiste and Lawns..... 49c  
Extra fine Figured Batiste, newest cuts..... 69c

Linen Lawns in stripes and figures, fast Colors..... 98c

All our fine \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00 Waists marked down to \$1.25

An extra nice quality, all-Linen Skirt..... \$1.75

## WONDERFUL INDUCEMENTS IN CARPET DEPARTMENT!

On all our selections of Fall Carpets, Rugs, Mattings and Draperies!

No advance in prices on account of Tariff Bill. A call will convince you!

500 Round or Square Mosquito Nets, ready to Be put up, at..... \$1.50

Leather Belts Reduced from 65c, 75c, \$1.00 And \$1.25 to..... 49c

Five hundred Boxes of Talcum Powder On sale at..... 5c

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This Week's Magnificent Values Will Eclipse All.

At \$9.90

About 700 Men's and Youth's Fine All Wool Suits of Imported Cheviots, Fancy Worsteds, Vicunas and Cashmeres in new shades of desirable plaids, small checks and solid colors. Every garment this season's and of well known high grade manufacture. Not a suit worth less than \$12.50, most of them \$15 and \$16.50. Your choice at \$9.90 Suit. Terms, cash.

Special Discount on all Fine Straw Hats. See Window Displays.

EISEMAN & WEIL  
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PETER LYNCH,

Dealer in foreign and domestic Wines, Liquors, Bottled Beer, Porter, etc., etc. Blackberry and Scuppernon (very old). Imported liquors. All liquors and wines can be safely used for medicinal purposes. Pure corn whiskeys, old apple and peach brandies, grins, rum, and Bourbon whiskeys, California grape brandies. Also guns, pistols and ammunition; boots and shoes; household goods, hardware, hollow-ware, nails, etc.; hatches, axes, etc.; and garden seeds. Fifteen bushel German millet on hand now; will be sold low. Turkeys on hand now; will be sold low. All orders from country will be promptly filled and lowest rates for such orders handled. Fruit jars for sale—Mason's and Milville. Terms cash.

Do You Want to Keep

COOL?

HAVE MONGRIEF, DOWMAN GO. to ventilate that

HOT

Office or Room. Phone 525

July 1st to 6th

RAILWAY SCHEDULES.

Arrival and Departure of All Trains from this City—Standard Time.

Southern Railway.

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## STATE CAVALRY'S FINE SHOWING

The Encampment at Meldrim Is Proving  
a Great Success.

FOUR HUNDRED MOUNTED MEN

There Is Work for All from Daybreak  
Until Dark.

ATLANTA TROOPERS ARE THE BEST SHOTS

Governor's Horse Guards Make the  
Highest Score on the Rifle Range.  
Camp Will Break Tomorrow.

The cavalry encampment at Meldrim is proving one of the best outings the cavalry of the state has ever had. It is the largest encampment of cavalry the state troops have ever had, and the officers in charge say the men are showing off to better advantage and learning more than at any previous encampment.

The camp is located on the Central railway, seventeen miles west of Savannah, and is known as Camp Atkinson, in honor of Governor Atkinson.

The superb grove of pines growing on a little land in that section, was donated and improved by Major Meldrim, of Savannah, especially for the cavalry of the state. It is said to be on the highest point in that section of the country, and an ideal spot for the troopers to enjoy themselves. Four hundred men are in camp, forming companies representing every regiment in the state. The only troop absent is one from Augusta.

The companies are the Governor's Horse Guard, Georgia Hussars, Liberty Independent Troop, Liberty Guards, Macintosh Light Dragoons, Ellingham Hussars, Troop Hussars and a company from Harris county, one from Burke and one from Waynesboro.

Colonel Gordon, commander of the camp, has put the soldiers under very strict discipline, and no time is allowed for anything other than military duty. Assembly is sounded at 4 p. m., and fifteen minutes later drill is gone through with for one hour. At 5:15 the breakfast call is sounded. At 6:45 guard mount is held; 7:15, battalion drill, and at 8:30 three shooting teams are carried out on the range, where they are kept all day until 4:45 p. m., when dress parade and review takes place on the parade ground.

This schedule was hard on the boys at first, and some kicking was heard, but this was soon hushed by the officers.

The officers of the camp are Colonel Gordon, of the First regiment, Savannah, commander; Major Meldrim, First regiment, Savannah; Major Barnard, First battalion, Captain Oscar Brown, represents the state, and Lieutenant Heavy, of the United States army, is there in behalf of Uncle Sam.

With this efficient corps of officers the Georgia boys are receiving a taste of real service.

The rifle practice consumes a large part of the time, and some very valuable results are being gained from it.

One of the scores made by the Governor's Horse Guard has not been equalled by any of the other teams. The score was, Sergeant W. S. Brown, 97 points; A. G. Ballard, 96; L. J. Daniel, 88; G. M. Hope, 86; George A. Clarke, 84. The nearest approach to this score has been made by the Georgia Hussars. The rifle range is one of the features of the camp. It is said to be the best in the state, having 1,000 feet of range.

Mr. L. J. Daniel, who returned yesterday from the encampment, is enthusiastic in his praise of the soldiers.

He said: "Camp Atkinson is one of the finest camps ever held by Georgia troops. It is well located in a magnificent grove of pines. It is supplied with artesian water and shower bath. There were no flies or mosquitoes while I was with them, and no indications of any. The camp is kept under strict discipline, and all seem to enjoy the way it is run after the first run against it."

"The Governor's Horse Guard are making a magnificent showing, as are all the troops, and it is most inspiring to see when all of them appear on dress parade."

The Horse Guard gave a dinner to their friends in the camp on Friday. Among those present were Colonel Gordon, Major Meldrim, Major Barnard, Captain Brown and Lieutenant Heavy. Our company has been singularly honored by the camp, and we feel proud of the attention we have received and the appearance we have made."

The Horse Guard were given the honor of having the officer of the day and two orderlies, which in military affairs is very rare.

Camp will break on Monday.

Judge Aiken's Son Dead.  
Gadsden, Ala., July 10.—(Special.)—James Aiken, Jr., eldest son of Judge James Aiken of this city, died here early this morning of diphtheria. He had just returned from college at Auburn, leaving there just a few days before his examination.

## Pneumatic

Tires are presumably all made of rubber. It depends upon what kind of rubber and how it is manufactured as to whether the tires are elastic, tough and "speedy."

## Newton Tires

Are hand made—not moulded. Moulded tires can be made of the cheapest of so-called rubber, but the hand made process demands the best quality of "rubber" compounds.

This is why Newton Tires are so fast, so easy, so durable. THE NEWTON RUBBER WORKS, 123 Pearl St., Boston, and 69-71 North Pryor St., Atlanta.

Free Open Air Concert Exposition Park this evening.

## EAGLE EYES INSPECT TROOPS

Detailed Inspection of Cavalrymen  
Yesterday at Camp Atkinson.

MEN MADE EXCELLENT SHOWING

Tilting for Prizes Occurs This Week  
and Some Remarkable Scores  
Are Anticipated.

Savannah, Ga., July 10.—(Special.)—Most of the work of Camp Atkinson was concluded today. A thunderstorm this afternoon prevented the conclusion of the practice, but the skirmish work will be finished on Monday.

The feature this morning was a minute and detailed inspection of each cavalryman by Captain Oscar Brown, inspector general, and Colonel W. W. Gordon, in command of the camp. This occupied about four hours, the officers going into close detail.

The troopers, especially the Governor's Horse Guards and the Georgia Hussars, made a most creditable showing. Captain W. P. Waite, of the Liberty Independent troop, acted as officer of the day. J. E. Stewart, of the Horse Guards, was orderly to Colonel Gordon, and R. S. Jackson, of the Hussars, orderly to Lieutenant Colonel E. P. Miller.

Up to date all the orderlies have been from the First battalion. The outcome of the shooting will be announced Monday, when the tilting scores will also be made up, there being money prizes as well as badges offered in these contests. The men have put up some good work to win.

An exhibition tilt this afternoon by J. M. Stewart, R. S. Wadsworth, Duff Dodson, W. R. Cox and E. W. Benteen, of the Governor's Horse Guards, was much enjoyed by the many spectators present. Many of the up country cavalrymen will spend Sunday at Tybee, not as commands but as individuals. There was a mounted inspection preceding the dress parade this afternoon.

The entire camp regrets deeply the inability of Governor Atkinson to be present today, as contemplated, on account of sickness.

Lieutenant Colonel Stone and Major F. E. Cawley were present, however, to represent him.

## The First Cause of Almost All Fatal Diseases.

From The Journal of Health, Chicago.

The eminent physician, Dr. Dio Lewis, once said that "nineteen diseases out of every twenty which afflict the human family originate in the stomach or bowels or are caused by a torpid condition of the liver," and those who have made a study will agree with this great scientist in the opinion that where the digestive system is impaired, the blood is impure and the bowels inactive, the whole system becomes enervated and the entire body diseased. When the organs of digestion and excretion fail to exercise their legitimate tasks, then is effected a poisonous matter carried to all parts of the body, bringing pain and suffering in their train, causing headaches, languor, fever, nervousness, sleeplessness, biliousness, constipation, and all forms that disease is wont to assume. Through a mistaken diagnosis these symptoms are treated by the use of cathartics and other remedies, and the result is a further impairment of the system, and the disease becomes more deeply seated. It is, therefore, with more than ordinary pleasure that attention is directed to the remedy designed by Dr. Dio Lewis, which is unquestionably a peer among household medicines designed to cure the troubles of the liver, stomach, bile, heart and kidneys. This Elixir is a remedy par excellence, actually cures biliousness, constipation, the grip, dyspepsia, and all ailments affecting the digestive system, and has been found to be the many remedies which have for their object the correction of a bilious tendency. It is a safe, reliable, and effective remedy, and one which could be more heartily or more conscientiously recommended to readers of The American Journal of Health.

R. F. AMES, M. D.

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## CONVICTS CAUGHT BY BICYCLE COP

A Wheelman's Lively Run After Two  
Escaped Convicts.

GREAT RECORD FOR M'CURDY

Fleeing Fugitive No Match for a  
Scorching Policeman.

A SUCCESSFUL CHASE IN THE COUNTRY

Patrolman McCurdy, on His Bicycle,  
Overtakes Two Negroes Who Ran  
Away from City Stockade.

The bicycle policeman stationed at Grant park made a great record yesterday, running down and catching two convicts who had escaped from the city stockade.

Patrolman F. M. McCurdy, who is at the park on a wheel, was told by a negro yesterday morning that two negro convicts had escaped from the stockade and were coming toward the city. The wheelman put out on his bicycle and was soon spinning rapidly down the Boulevard.

It was not long before he spotted a negro walking rapidly toward the city. The negro saw the officer coming and he began to run. Then McCurdy tried scorching. The wheel was fast overtaking the convict and he turned off to a by-road. This did not phase the scorching policeman and he sprang from his wheel, lifted it up the embankment and was quickly spinning along a path behind the fleeing negro. The woods were full of good paths and McCurdy managed to keep behind the fugitive all the while on his wheel.

Wheel Runs Him Down.  
The negro was getting winded and the officer gained on him rapidly. It was an exciting and lively chase. Finally McCurdy came near the now panting negro and he jumped from his wheel and soon had his prisoner in custody. The negro was handcuffed and turned over to an officer in the park.

Then began a look for the other escaped convict. McCurdy mounted his wheel again, which was now covered with clay and mud. Once more along the Boulevard he made his way. After riding about half a mile in the direction of the city he saw the man he was after. The convict saw the policeman at the same time and took to his heels.

"I am in for another scorch after a negro," said the officer himself as he leaned forward and pressed his pedals.

The other Fugitive Caught.  
The fugitive kept in the road as he ran, stopping every now and then to glance backward. He saw that he was no match for the wheel and tried the same tactics the other negro had adopted by taking to the woods. Before he did this, however, he was out of breath and was moving slowly.

The officer rode up to where the negro had disappeared, dismounting, followed on foot. In a few minutes he overtook the negro and caught hold of him.

Both prisoners, who had thirty days to serve, were sent back to the stockade.

A POPULAR TAILOR.

Mr. Walter S. Davis Is Now Located  
at 8 Whitehall Street.

Mr. Walter S. Davis has leased the store on Whitehall street formerly occupied by Kahn Bros., and has opened with a stock of the very latest and best imported and American suitings and trousers. His fall stock will shortly be ready to arrive, and he invites his former patrons and the public generally to call and inspect his stock. Mr. J. G. Gause, formerly of Gause & Smith, is located with Mr. Davis, and will take pleasure in fitting you in the latest things out.

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ARMED MEN ARE  
IN HOT PURSUITClayton County Men Will Lynch  
the Negro if Caught.

## HIS VICTIM A LITTLE GIRL

Lured Her Into the Woods and Left  
Her for Dead.

## LITTLE BROTHER GIVES THE ALARM

Crime Was Committed Yesterday After-  
noon in Clayton County, Near  
Lovesjoy—Bloodhounds and  
Armed Posse Are Out  
on the Trail.A crime as appalling and horrible as was  
ever committed in this state has just stirred  
the people of Clayton County into a cyclone  
of excitement and wild madness that has  
not been equaled since the famous  
McCullough murder.Yesterday afternoon just before sundown  
Oscar Smith, a negro, assaulted the little  
six-year-old daughter of Samuel E. Camp-  
bell, one of the most popular and prosperous  
citizens of Clayton County.The little girl is seriously injured and  
will probably die.The negro was being chased at a late  
hour last night by a mad mob of  
hundreds of Clayton's best men, armed  
with shotguns and well provided with rope.  
Bloodhounds were on the trail and Sheriff  
Beale Hule, of Clayton county, with Sher-  
iff Newt Glass, of Henry county, two of  
the bravest and best officers in the state,  
were in hot chase.The crime occurred at a little after 4  
o'clock yesterday afternoon. In two hours  
the entire county was aroused and brave,  
law-abiding men took up their guns and  
went out determined to slay the man who  
had ruined their neighbor's home. Samuel  
Campbell has hundreds of friends all over  
Clayton county, and as soon as the news  
of the deed was scattered among them  
they lost no time in flocking to the scene  
of the assault and joining in the search  
which all determined should end only when  
the negro had expired his crime.The crime was singularly treacherous.  
Smith had been employed as a farm hand  
at Mr. Campbell's plantation for quite a  
while. He allowed Smith to do very much  
while he pleased around the farm, and the  
negro was frequently sent to distant por-  
tions of the farm to carry on his work  
without any supervision.Deed of a Fiend.  
Yesterday afternoon Smith was sent off  
to plow a piece of ground some distance  
from the residence of Mr. Campbell. He  
worked in the afternoon until about 4  
o'clock. At that hour Mrs. Campbell, as  
her custom, told her little boy and  
girl to carry water to the field hands. The  
boy is just eight years old and the girl  
only six.The two little children started out  
together with the pail of water. Accord-  
ing to the little boy's story, they carried  
the water to him and he drank it. After  
drinking he complained of being very hot  
and said he had a headache. He asked the  
boy to hold the pail lines and not let the  
pail walk off, as he wanted the girl to go  
to the spring with him and pour some  
water on his head.The spring was quite a distance away  
and there was no necessity of going there  
for water, as there was enough in the  
pail, but the unsuspecting boy consented to  
go and hold the pail.The boy held the pail lines for a few  
minutes and was looking expectantly for  
the return of the negro and little girl. Af-  
ter several minutes he was startled to  
find loud screams which he knew to be  
coming from his sister. He was too fright-  
ened to go to her, but ran off to the house  
moaning. Arriving there he quickly told his  
mother of the occurrence and the realiza-  
tion at once bursting upon her, she ran  
bravely out in the direction of the scene.  
In a minute almost she was on the spot  
where her son had told her the little girl  
had been lured by the negro.The sight that met her view was terri-  
ble to her, and for a moment she was  
fazed. The negro had fled.  
Thought the Child Was Dead.  
At first the mother thought that her child  
was dead. Mrs. Campbell took her up ten-  
derly and carried her to the house.  
The alarm was soon given and in a few  
minutes the thickly populated district  
round Lovesjoy was driven wild with the  
news. A half hour after the woods was  
full of searchers with guns and pail lines.Sheriff Hule was sent to Jonesboro for  
bloodhounds. Lovesjoy and Jackson-  
ville on the first freight train.  
The negro had choked the little girl and  
beaten her tender face and body until it  
was nothing but a mass of bruises.  
Shot at the Negro.  
Early this morning the negro was still  
free, but the people were following him  
closely.At one time the pursuers got so close  
to Oscar Smith that Deputy Sheriff Richard  
Hule fired his pistol at the fleeing man,  
but missed him.  
It is thought that Smith has gone to  
Jackson, Ga., in Butts county, where he  
has brothers. He disappeared in the direc-  
tion of Lovesjoy in Henry county, which is  
in line between Clayton and Jackson,  
with came to Lovesjoy from Zebulon, in  
the county.Dr. Curtis stated at midnight that he  
thought the little girl would probably re-  
cover.MINERS ALERT TO  
SECURE ADVANTAGEFirst Week of the Strike Closes with the  
Men Determined.

## OFFICIALS HOLD MEETING

Plans Were Mapped Out for a Vigorous  
and Hard Campaign.

## THE OPERATIVES ARE DOING VERY LITTLE

Price of Coal Has Advanced Eighty  
Cents a Ton and May Go Still  
Higher Yet.Pittsburg, Pa., July 10.—The week closes  
with the forces engaged in the miners'  
strike determined as ever and on the alert  
to secure the slightest advantage.  
No openly aggressive work was done to-  
day by either side, but the miners' officials  
held a secret meeting, at which it is be-  
lieved a vigorous campaign against the  
New York and Cleveland gas coal miners,  
which will be inaugurated tomorrow, was  
decided upon. The operators apparently  
are doing little and are saying less. How-  
ever, their confidence of defeating the  
miners has not abated in the least.The expected troubles in the Wheeling  
division of the Baltimore and Ohio did not  
come to the surface today. The miners  
were paid off as announced, but no trouble  
whatever followed.The effect of the strike is being manifest-  
ed in the price of coal. An increase of  
80 cents a ton was shown today when an  
application was made for contracts and a  
number of Pittsburgh operators, not being  
able to work their own mines, are seeking  
to buy coal in the West Virginia field in  
order to reap the advantage of the ad-  
vance.There has been no indication of lawless-  
ness as yet in this region, but Sheriff Low-  
rey, of Allegheny county, has anticipated  
any trouble by swearing in 500 deputies.  
The miners say there will be no overt  
acts.President Hatchford left the city quietly  
to-night, but will return in time to accom-  
pany the men in their demonstration  
against the New York and Cleveland com-  
pany's miners.

## GOVERNORS AS ARBITRATORS.

There Will Be a Conference in Pitts-  
burg Tomorrow.Columbus, O., July 10.—There will be a  
conference in Pittsburgh Monday of the ar-  
bitration boards of Ohio, Indiana and Illi-  
nois to discuss measures to bring about a  
settlement of the miners' strike by arbitra-  
tion.Governor Bushnell, of Ohio, is the leader  
of the movement. Governor Hastings, of  
Pennsylvania, was asked to co-operate and  
he agreed that he was willing, but he had  
not been invited to do so by the representa-  
tives of the strikers.Governor Bushnell replied that neither he  
nor the other governors had been invited to  
do it in the matter, but they intended to  
do what they could to bring about arbitra-  
tion.

## ADVANCE IN WAGES OFFERED.

Attempt Made To Break the Backbone  
of the Great Strike.Terre Haute, Ind., July 10.—The Pawnee,  
Kelley and Westville companies of the Dan-  
ville district today posted notices of an in-  
crease of 10 cents a ton in the wages for  
mining coal.The object of this is to keep their men  
at work and thus break the backbone of  
the strike. These three companies are the  
largest in the Illinois territory and upon  
the success of their move depends much of  
the success of the strike.Secretary Kennedy has received advice  
which insure him that the men generally  
will go out. President Knight says he be-  
lieves that there will not be a mine in the  
Pawnee region working by this time next  
week.

## 'TAKE CARE OF MY LITTLE ONE'

These Were the Last Words of Mrs.  
Johnson.

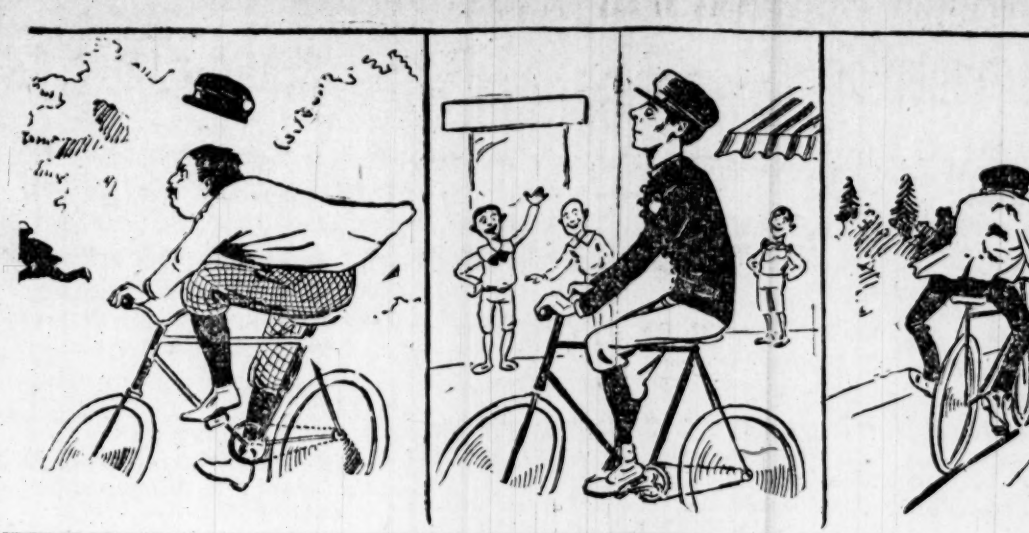
## SHE HAD DRANK CARBOLIC ACID

Southern Widow Commits Suicide in  
New York After a Quarrel with  
Her Lover.New York, July 10.—Mrs. Della Johnson,  
of Brooklyn, a widow twenty-five years  
old, took carbolic acid with suicidal intent  
last night and is dying in the Seamen hos-  
pital. Mrs. Johnson came to Brooklyn  
with her little daughter from Charleston,  
S. C., where her husband died five years  
ago, leaving her considerable property.  
She became acquainted with a man, and  
during the past two years they had been much  
together, although Lynch's mother objected  
to their intimacy.Yesterday Lynch called on Mrs. Johnson  
about noon. She was expecting him and  
the two went out. They spent the after-  
noon and evening at the Seamen's Beach.  
There they quarreled, but the cause is not  
known.It was 10 o'clock when Mrs. Johnson  
reached home. There Mrs. Mason, a  
friend, subsequently found her weeping.  
"I've quarreled with Martin," she said.  
"I can never see him again."Just before midnight she went to her  
room, which adjoins. She had only been  
there a moment when she heard Mrs.  
Johnson say:  
"Goodbye, Mamma. Take care of my little  
one."Mrs. Mason rushed into the room and  
found Mrs. Johnson half unconscious on  
the floor with an empty bottle marked  
"Carbolic Acid" beside her. A physician was  
summoned and the woman was removed  
to the hospital.

## MORRIS COMMITS SUICIDE.

Young Man in Augusta Kills Him-  
self About His Money.Augusta, Ga., July 10.—(Special.)—Francis  
Morris died tonight from suicidal in-  
tent. His self-destruction was cool and de-  
liberate, and in a letter which he left he  
states that he was neither drunk nor  
crazy, but in the full possession of all his  
faculties and acting with the greatest de-  
liberation.Morris was left an orphan when quite  
young, and Joseph Myers, a family con-  
nection, was appointed his guardian. He  
had about \$8,000 left to him. Morris  
died some years ago his son, Samuel  
H. Myers, succeeded him as Morris's

## SOME SCENES WITH THE NEW POLICE BICYCLE CORPS.

RECORD LEFT BY  
THE SUN'S RAYSThroughout the Northwest There  
Is a Slight Moderation.

## ALMOST EQUALS AN EPIDEMIC

Deaths Number Three Hundred and Fifty  
During the Month.

## TWO THOUSAND WERE PROSTRATED

Central States Suffered More Severely  
Than Any Other Section the  
Greatest Distress Being Felt  
in Chicago, Cincinnati  
and St. Louis.CHICAGO, July 10.—The fierce heat un-  
der which the greater portion of the coun-  
try has suffered since the 1st of July,  
moderated in many localities today and  
predictions from the weather bureau at  
Washington indicate that lower tempera-  
tures will bring general relief within twen-  
ty-four hours.The record of prostrations and deaths re-  
sulting from the long heated term ap-  
proaches in magnitude that of a general  
epidemic. Reports from all sections of the  
country received by the Associated Press  
tonight show prostrations numbering  
in the neighborhood of 2,000, with fatalities  
close to 500.In addition to this, there were scores  
of deaths resulting indirectly from the in-  
tolerable heat, the death rate in many of  
the large cities showing a fearful increase  
over previous years.The central states suffered more severely  
than other sections, the heat being most  
deadly in Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis.  
In number of fatalities this city heads the  
list, with eighty-seven deaths; Cincinnati  
and suburban points reporting sixty-five,  
and St. Louis forty-two. Through the  
heat of the sun, six have been driven insane,  
the death rate is much lower than in the  
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north.

## BASEBALL.

CHICAGO, 8; BOSTON, 7.  
Chicago, July 10.—The Red Sox were de-  
feated for the third straight today by the  
same small margin of one run. The Col-  
umbus Giants and Sullivan hard. Every-  
thing and Long made wonderful catches of  
line. Attendance, 13,200. Score: R. H. E.  
Chicago, 8; Boston, 7.CINCINNATI, 6; PHILADELPHIA, 3.  
Cincinnati, July 10.—The Reds won the  
last game of the series from the Phillies  
in the game today. The Quakers could do  
nothing with Breitenstein. Holliday re-  
sisted Hoy, who was injured sliding to se-  
cond. Attendance, 4,200. Score: R. H. E.  
Cincinnati, 6; Philadelphia, 3.NEW YORK, 15; PITTSBURG, 6.  
Pittsburg, July 10.—Lack of support made  
Tannehill collapse in the eighth inning, re-  
sulting in eight runs, seven of which were  
earned. The Giants' errors were scattered  
and not very serious. Attendance, 2,800.  
Score: R. H. E.  
New York, 15; Pittsburg, 6.NEW YORK, 15; PITTSBURG, 6.  
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New York, 15; Pittsburg, 6.SUMMER OP. OVER;  
CHORUS IN RAGEManager Biers Did Not Return and  
There Was Trouble.

## AN EXCITING STAGE SCENE

Performance Not on the Bills Was  
Given Last Night.

## FORMER MANAGER WAS HEARD FROM

But It Is Said He Will Not Return  
and the Whole Company Is at  
Sea—Benefit Arranged.The comic opera season at the Grand end-  
ed suddenly last night.Immediately after the curtain fell on the  
last act of "Little Duke," the entire com-  
pany and the musical director, Mr. Zim-  
merman, became involved in a heated ar-  
gument over the box office receipts.Manager David Biers left for New York  
a week ago last night, saying that he would  
get money to pay back salaries and return  
in three days. Since that time his mes-  
sages have been heard and numerous, but  
he has not returned, neither has he sent  
any funds.The chorus has not been paid for a week  
past and the principals have not received  
their salaries for two weeks. The last tele-  
gram from Biers was received yesterday  
afternoon. It stated that he had about  
completed arrangements to take the com-  
pany to California, mentioning a famous  
New York manager as being interested  
with him in the deal. He went on to say  
that all salaries would be paid in full. The  
members of the company say that they are  
not at all credulous regarding the state-  
ment.Every other member of the company, so  
far as could be learned, objected strongly  
to Miss Germaine's receiving any of to-  
night's receipts, on the ground that she was  
not on the regular salary list, but had a  
personal contract with Biers.The discussion was an animated one. A  
number of side issues sprang up, and at  
last it seemed as if the matter would  
never be settled. It was finally agreed,  
however, to divide the money pro rata  
among the principals. The chorus is to be  
given two benefit performances on Monday.Hot weather, light business and a general  
run of bad luck are the causes which have  
led to the company's predicament. Opin-  
ions are divided as to whether Biers will  
return or make good any of his many  
promises.

## Miss Germaine Talks.

Miss Germaine makes the following state-  
ment:  
"On July 24 there was due me my back  
salary \$22. I was then paid \$30. My salary  
for half of this week added makes \$22,  
which the management now owes me.  
When asked whether she was a singer,  
as claimed by some of the company, she  
flatly denied it, and stated that she was  
engaged to sing on a salary of \$150 a week.  
"After she said this, I don't propose to  
have taken from me by the other prin-  
ciples, but I am willing to give my share of  
tonight's receipts to the chorus. But my  
contract with the Grand Opera Company  
is at an end tonight."

## WHEELS CRASH TOGETHER.

W. B. HARDIN INJURED IN A  
CYCLE COLLISION.His Wheel Collided with That of Mes-  
senger Boy at Corner of Auburn  
Avenue and Ivy Street.Last evening about half-past 7 o'clock  
Mr. W. B. Hardin and a bicycle messenger  
were riding bicycles, and Mr.  
Hardin was painfully injured.The collision occurred at the corner of  
Auburn avenue and Ivy street, where the  
messenger was going to his boarding house  
to supper, and the messenger boy was re-  
turning after having delivered a message.Both were thrown violently to the ground.  
Hardin was stunned almost into insen-  
sibility and was taken into the residence of  
Mr. Park Woodward. The boy was not  
hurt and rode off on his wheel.Mr. Hardin was afterwards removed to  
his boarding house at the Albermarle, on  
Ivy street, and his injuries examined by a  
physician. His leg was found to be broken,  
and he was otherwise badly shaken up  
and bruised.The injured man works for J. B. Daniel,  
wholesale druggist, on Wall street.

## CHASE AFTER A WOMAN.

A Lively Scene on Decatur Street Last  
Night.Last night about 9 o'clock there was a  
great turmoil on Decatur street, near the  
police barracks, caused by Patrolman Coker  
chasing a negro woman named Maria  
Cochman. The woman has been wanted by  
the police for several weeks on several  
charges, including two for stealing.When Patrolman Coker saw her he gave  
chase and the woman ran for dear life in  
the direction of the railroad.As the woman and the officer ran through  
the streets all the negroes joined in the  
chase and bedlam reigned for a while.  
It was thought at the barracks that there  
was a riot and all the officers ran to Coker's  
assistance. The woman was seen to be  
dragged about thirty feet into the woods  
by a crowd of people.The woman was captured by Coker and  
locked up in a cell.

## FOUR STATE RECORDS BROKEN.

Second Annual Race Meet of Pennsylv-  
ania Wheelmen On.Philadelphia, July 10.—The second an-  
nual race meet of the Pennsylvania wheel-  
men was held this afternoon on the new  
board track at Willow Grove. The track  
was built specially for the national league  
of American wheelmen meet and proved to  
be very fast, four state records being  
broken.One mile, open, professional, won by  
E. A. Kiser, Jr. Eaton, second; Charles H.  
Newton, third. Time, 2:14.  
One mile handicap, professional, won by  
L. S. Rothwell, 20 yards; Charles H. New-  
ton, second; William Simon, 10 yards;  
third, T. A. Mudd, 50 yards, fourth, Time,  
2:30-5.Five mile handicap, professional, won by  
A. C. Mertens, scratch; C. S. Wells, 40  
yards, second; William Simon, 10 yards;  
third, F. C. Hoyt, 50 yards, fourth, Time,  
12:28-5.

## Butler Won Twice.

Elizabeth N. J., July 10.—Nat Butler was  
the only crack rider who landed a prize  
today, the remainder being carried off by  
local lights. The result follows:  
One mile, open, professional—Nat Butler,  
second; C. G. Carpenter, fourth, Time,  
2:14-5.Five mile handicap, professional—Nat  
Butler, won; A. T. Crooks, second; J. L.  
Decker, third; C. G. Carpenter, fourth,  
Time, 12:27-5.

## Zimmerman Wins Cup.

New York, July 10.—Gus Zimmerman, the  
American sharpshooter, won the cup of  
honor in the international championship  
target shoot at Nuremberg, making 50 out  
of a possible 60.

## Quickest Two Miles Made.

London, July 10.—W. J. Sturgess, the  
amateur champion pedestrian, today broke  
the record for the two-mile walk, covering  
the distance in 13:24 1-2 seconds.WOMAN'S BODY  
FOUND IN BARRELMysterious Find Made Near the  
Town of Quitman, Ga.

## RIVALS GULDENSUPPE CASE

Barrel Was Found Partially Buried In a  
Swamp.

## FISHERMEN OPENED THE CASK

Investigation Led to the Discovery of  
Woman's Body, Cut Into Blocks.The Pieces Were Packed in  
Mud and Beginning to  
Mummify.











## The Constitution.

PUBLISHED DAILY, SUNDAY AND WEEKLY.

CLARK HOWELL, Editor.

W. A. HEMPHILL, Business Manager.



The Morning Constitution (with Sunday) per year, \$1.00.  
The Morning Constitution (without Sunday), \$0.90.  
The Weekly Constitution, per year, \$1.00.

We do not undertake to return rejected MSS., and will not do so unless accompanied by return postage.

To Subscribers.  
The Traveling Agency, The Constitution are Messrs. W. H. Overby and Charles H. Donnelly.

NICHOLAS & HOLLADAY, Constitution Building sole Advertising Managers, on all territory outside of Atlanta.

Where to Find The Constitution.  
The Constitution can be found on sale at the following places:

WASHINGTON—Metropolitan Hotel.  
CHICAGO—P. O. News Company, 91 Adams Street.  
CINCINNATI—J. R. Hawley, 162 Vine Street.  
NEW YORK—Brentano's, corner Broadway and Sixteenth Street; the Hotel Marlborough.  
CHICAGO—P. O. News Company, 91 Adams Street.  
NEW ORLEANS—George F. Wharton.  
DENVER—C. Hamilton & Kendrick.  
HOUSTON, TEX.—Bettler Book.  
KANSAS CITY, Mo.—The News Press.  
MASSON, GA.—Subscription Department, W. D. Bankston, Manager, 307 Second St. Phone 328.

ATLANTA, GA., July 11, 1897.

Open Enemies.  
With characteristic courage and honesty, The New York Sun has ceased to pretend to be a democratic newspaper. It has allied itself with the republican party.

The people have respect for those individuals and newspapers who follow wherever their convictions lead, but honest men can have only contempt for those who are afraid to follow their belief—who oppose democratic principles and yet pretend to be democrats. As democrats we can respect an honest opponent, but the political bushwhacker is an outlaw.

In bidding adieu to the democratic party and taking its stand with the republicans, The Sun gives some words of sound advice to the clique of politicians and fence-hunters which calls itself the "national democracy." Mr. Dana points out that this assumption of the title without a shadow of authority brings the clique into derision and emphasizes the paltry array of votes these so-called national democrats were able to control last November. To this The Sun adds:

It is useless for any democrat to shut his eyes to the plain and obvious facts of the political situation, which stare him in the face. The combination which gave Bryan last November more than 6,500,000 votes has now absolute control of the organization of the democratic party; is practically the only democratic party with authority of technical regularity. It is holding closely together everywhere, populist and silver republicans remaining in firm alliance with democrats. The political allies move as one body in congress, and are united and aggressive in every state and district. They are controlling the conventions of the democratic party; they are controlling successively; there is no other organized democracy; nor is any other possible in the absence of any common opposing idea or distinguishing principle about which to crystallize. The democracy of the Chicago platform has a distinct idea to unify it and inspire it with enthusiasm.

All this is so true that it is special cause for wonder that any newspaper should find it a timely thing to print. And yet the fact that it is timely is demonstrated by the attitude of those who expose themselves to the contempt and ridicule of the public by posing as "national democrats."

There were only two parties in this country last year, and there will be only two in 1900—one the party that opposes the gold trust and the other the party that stands for it. That there is no reason why the so-called "national democrats" should hesitate to support the republican party and its policy is shown by the fact that a good many who claim that title voted for McKinley, and by the further fact that Mr. Hanna, using Bryan as a figure-head, managed the campaign of the Palmer-Buckner faction.

The so-called "national democrats" have deserted the democratic party, repudiated its candidates and denounced its platform. Consequently their use of the title and designation of "democrat" is a fraud upon its face. The most energetic and enthusiastic of the bolters have already made a public confession of this by supporting McKinley on a high tariff platform at the last election, and all who elect to remain out of the democratic party will before long find themselves compelled to stand with the republicans on all the issues which divide the two parties.

A Delusion and a Snare.  
Mr. Bourke Cockran is sometimes sensible enough to be candid. When asked the other day what he thought of the effect the Wolcott commission would have upon Europe's attitude toward the silver question he replied that no gold standard country in Europe would make a change, but he thought it "quite likely that an attempt will be made to persuade the people of this country that some concession has been made to the bimetallic agitation by the gold-using countries of Europe."

In this matter Mr. Cockran speaks learnedly and knowingly. He puts the whole scheme of republicanism "international bimetalism in a nutshell." This movement, like all the others in this direction, are mere schemes concocted by politicians in the service of the gold trust to deceive the people and prevent the voters of the country from taking prompt action to restore silver to its old place in our monetary system. Some very earnest and honest men are deluded

ed by it. President Andrews, of Brown university, for instance, imagines that there is really something tangible in the sympathetic talk of French officials. But this is because President Andrews is a student and a scholar and believes that other men are as earnest and as honest as he is. He is no politician and evidently knows nothing of the wiles of those who make it their business to deceive the people.

In order to correctly interpret the famous report that came to this country from the Wolcott commission, it is only necessary for the readers of the newspapers to remember that the aforesaid commission has no authority whatever to commit this government to a single definite proposition. The members were sent abroad merely to "feel around" and to talk with the representatives of the European governments.

The idea that England will take any step whatever to injure the interests of her governing class is so preposterous that it seems surprising that any sensible person in any quarter of the world should entertain such a belief.

There is but one road to international bimetalism and that is national bimetalism. When the people of the United States break the bonds of gold and open their minds to silver then England and Europe will be forced to follow.

The Wearings of Birds' Wings.  
For once the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Atlanta has tackled a subject which even their persistence will fail to conquer.

That was an interesting meeting at which certain distinguished ladies of Atlanta assembled and discussed the exact limit to which tight lacing may be carried, just as if a pretty woman with the spare made waist would ever equal under the criticism of her more embonpoint sister. It may be all wrong and very unhealthy, but it is the same time perfectly natural for the pretty woman to do all she can to enhance her personal charms, even though the corset market be wrecked in the attempt.

But it was when the ladies reached the subject of birds' wings that they struck the hardest snag. Who, for instance, would want a restoration of the time when women wore Shaker bonnets or wrapped their shawls tightly around their heads, after he has once seen the pretty effect of birds' heads and birds' wings in the multi-colored hats which may be seen in any feminine assembly?

Chief among those who have been regarded as belonging to the ranks of optimism is Mr. Russell Sage, a man who has been represented with talking enthusiastically over the improvement in the business outlook.

Ever since optimism, or the policy of feeding men on air, has become a dogma of republican creed, business men here and there have felt called upon to jump upon the band wagon and to talk prosperity with the hope that abundance of talk would bring it about. It is a species of political faith cure which was intended to convince a man working for one dollar a day that he was making more than he was getting two instead.

Mr. Sage has run with the crowd as long as he could, but he has been forced, through an interview in The New York Times, to deny any present convictions which would lead to prosperity.

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people is "to come over to the republicans." It eases the road for them to do so by stating that "thousands of them voted for McKinley and should feel at home in the republican ranks." Another phase of triumphalism and militant democracy comes from New York city, growing out of the Fourth of July celebration at Tammany hall. The New York Sun calls it "Tammany's rampant Bryanism," and says that the only enthusiasm displayed was that of the references to Bryanism and the Chicago platform. "It was made manifest," says The Sun, "at Monday's celebration that the only issue which can give life and aggressive force to the Tammany campaign next autumn is the issue of Bryanism." While the purpose of The Sun in making this statement was not a friendly one, yet it stated a fact that democracy everywhere will stand by the party and its platform, and that the paralysis into which the eastern democrats were thrown by certain leaders last year has been replaced by buoyancy and a determination to pull the banner of the party aloft hereafter.

The Law of Libel.

One of the good works performed by the recent session of the Pennsylvania legislature was the repeal of a tyrannical libel law which had come down from time when newspapers were struggling for recognition.

It is the fault of most of the libel laws of the United States that they are the natural outgrowth of the libel laws of England, made in an age when the publication of newspapers was looked upon with suspicion and jealousy. The repeal of the law is that a newspaper having published facts which have become matters of notoriety, is held to a responsibility from which private parties making the same statements are exempt. In other words, the individual goes into court with the presumption of innocence in his favor, while the newspaper publisher is held up under the burden of being considered guilty and having to work out his freedom by evidence.

Another evil of the existing libel laws of many states is that newspapers are liable for simultaneous prosecution in every state in which their papers circulate. Of late years strong efforts have been made in the more advanced communities of the union to make a change in these old-time and out-of-date laws, and to place libel where it ought to be—a matter of proof before the court, governed by "intent," and punishable by reasonable processes.

In this connection it may be well to say that the present libel law of the state of Georgia is one of the most antiquated and unjust which stands upon the statute books of any state in the union. It starts out with the presumption of guilt; it is entirely in the interest of capricious litigants and is cumbersome in every respect. Its whole purpose is not to find out the facts between man and man, or to adjust equitable causes of complaint between plaintiff and defendant, but to hold the newspaper instrument which may be used by the most doubtful characters in the state for the purpose of harassing and embarrassing publishers, without an idea of reaching justice.

It is to be hoped that the Georgia legislature will yet take up this statute and place it where it belongs, recognizing that the newspapers are now established organs of society and that we should no longer grope along with the idea that the newspaper is the natural enemy of the community.

Massachusetts is to be added to the list of states who at last recognize the liberty of the press to be as important as liberty of speech, holding both press and person to the same accountability, and making neither the subject of malicious prosecution.

In the noble words of Mr. Hanna, the hot season is now upon us.

Jaybirds and Shanghai roosters cool themselves by slightly elevating their wings. Did Mr. Hanna ever try this simple remedy?

Mr. Watterson's particular brand of "democrats" appear to be very scarce outside of the republican party.

It is thought that Mr. Wolcott's commission will cause a rise in the stuff that doughnuts are made of.

Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee, was governor of his state and fought in the war at the same time. He was in all respects a very great man.

It is thought that Mr. Tommy B. Reed could legislate in a more comfortable manner if he would let out a link in his suspenders. We give this merely as a rumor which has not yet been verified.

FOR MCINTOSH.

Mustering Their Forces.

From The Carleton, Ga., Times.

Southward, the Albany Herald, their forces and will enter the Hon. Henry M. McIntosh, of Albany, against the field for governor.

From The Elberton, Ga., Tribune.

Hon. Henry M. McIntosh, of Albany, is being urged to enter the race for governor of Georgia. Many smaller men than McIntosh have been mentioned in this connection—but why should he be called from the editorial chair, where he can run the state and the nation, to perform the dull routine duties of the chief executive? There are less useful citizens who would make good governors.

From The Blakely, Ga., Observer.

McIntosh—that would sound well in some quarters. But "there are others" that would tear their "golden" locks.

From The Cordele, Ga., Sentinel.

Henry McIntosh, The Albany Herald, has been prominently mentioned as a probable gubernatorial candidate. Any man who can run a newspaper as well as McIntosh would make a good governor. The Georgia press would pull for McIntosh.

New Jersey Gets It.

From The Cedarhurst, Ga., Standard.

Rev. Dr. Watson, who left the pastorate of a bad Methodist church in Atlanta to join the ranks of republican office seekers, is a badly disappointed man. He wanted to be minister to Greece, but a New Jersey man has walked off with the plum.

No, They Won't.

From The Eastman, Ga., Times.

Are the confederate veterans to be used as the "cat's paw" to pull the goldbug out of the fire?

## A SUNDAY SYMPHONY.

Love's Own.

Where Love built his humble nest  
Tired and thankful did it rest.  
Sweeter rest he could not be,  
Though the black night covered me.  
And Love whispered: "Art thou blest?"  
And I answered: "Love is best!"

Where Love built his nest I knew  
Thorns beneath the rose-leaves grew.  
Sweeter roses could not be,  
Though the keen thorns crept to me.  
And Love whispered: "Art thou blest?"  
And I answered: "Love is best!"

Where Love built his nest a blight  
Blew from lands of Death and Night;  
All that life had held of sweet  
Lay in ashes at Love's feet.  
Yet I folded to his breast—  
Weeping, whispered: "Love is best!"

So, with Love abiding still,  
I am Love's, to do his will;  
So his lips on mine are laid—  
So his hand my couch hath made!  
Still he whispers: "Art thou blest?"  
Still I answer: "Love is best!"

The following items are culled from the local columns of a country exchange:

"The festival for the benefit of the church steps was rained out last night."

"Tump Williams created a disturbance in the gymnasium Wednesday night by snoring too loud."

"A no-fence election will be held as soon as we can get enough voters to town."

"It hailed some at the Scott place yesterday and lightninged right smart."

"Just think of it," exclaims an exchange, "it will only take \$10,000 to discover the north pole!"

"We know it, but we can't leave just now. We promised to wait on McKinley three years longer."

A literary exchange says that "Mr. Richard Watson Glider went to Europe and wrote a sonnet."

Yes, we know he did. But he came home six months afterwards and published it.

The Unsatified.

There's lots of complainin'.

From folks when it's rainin'.

An' some when the weather is dry.

Just grumble an' grumble.

For tempests to tumble.

The rain from the clouds in the sky.

It's hard to content 'em.

No matter what's sent 'em.

They wrangle and worry about it.

An' one sent in heaven.

For the saints don't hustle 'em out!

In a letter of protest to The Constitution, an Alabama correspondent writes:

"I'd have you know I do not depend on newspapers. The great north has recognized me."

That follows naturally. "The great north" doesn't know what poetry is.

In its report of a recent "literary," a Georgia newspaper says:

"It is unfortunate that there should have been a fight over Browning, and that Tennessee received a black eye in the meeting, while Edgar A. Poe caused the president to slap the secretary's face, and William Dean Howells was the cause of the treasurer being slashed with a razor in the hands of the sergeant-at-arms. Really, these literary matters are not worth fighting over!"

James Whitcomb Riley says he has discovered a genuine poet; but he withholds his name until he can find him writing sonnets to the tip-top of an Indiana haystack, with the thermometer at 110. Riley caught the fellow and took him to his own house, where he is now being tamed and fattened for Mr. Glider, who has authorized Riley to purchase him for The Century Magazine.

Little Things.

A little thing makes happiness:

When the fierce storm is done

The country smiles for miles and miles

With just a flash of sun.

A Georgia philosopher gives this comfort to his editorial sanctum:

"If you can't get to the seashore, content yourself at home."

Perhaps there'll come a cyclone

That'll make the millponds foam."

Let not editor Kingsbury, of The Wilmington Messenger, say again that North Carolina is short of poets. Hear this one, who warbles in an exchange from that state:

"Cruel you are as the grave to me;

You have blasted my life with your

And if I lay dead 'neath a tall pine tree,

I believe that you'd cut it down!"

And if on my grave, in the springtime

There bloomed white roses or yellow,

I believe you would pull them and pin them

On the coat of another fellow—

"I'm all right," replied the faithful servant.

"What you want?" said the governor.

"You can't do it," said Alex.

"What do you mean, Alex? I am the governor!"

"No you ain't," said Alex. "I've been here long 'nough to know dat. Cranks is always coming to de office. But no dem's gwine ter git in while de gwinner's gone."

"But Alex, I am the governor!"

"Dat won't do," insisted Alex. "Boss Williams dem's me 'fo he let dat Blackburn 'ud be tryin' to do something dis way. You can't git in."

For half an hour the parley continued, during which the stranger had to exhibit his indignant people. This coming 14th of July, 1897, the Battle of Kentucky ignorance and intolerance will topple to the ground. Then, and not till then, shall we have a party that is a party, which, under God, will be worth having and fighting for. Meanwhile, to hell with the whey-faced traitor, wherever he appears, who, pretending to be a party, is perpetually prophesying evil against us.

It Does Look So.

From The Harmony Grove, Ga., Echo.

It looks now as if Dr. Hopkins, the Methodist divine who resigned his pastorate of the First Methodist church in Atlanta, presumably to accept a foreign appointment under President McKinley, will get neither Greece nor Italy. He is left out in the cold so far.

## HE CUT HIS WHISKERS.

A True Incident in Which the Gov. erneur of Kentucky Was the Hero.

The man who has never been able to appear great in the eyes of his valet must now give way to a great man who has been discovered by his valet.

Governor William O'Connell Bradley may not be a representative Kentuckian in so far as wine and horses are concerned, but he certainly nestles close to the Kentucky heart in his luxuriant brown chin whiskers. Since he has been installed in the executive office in Frankfort he has been closely confined to the business of finding out what his democratic predecessors had been doing in the years gone by. A sympathetic valet had his office boy, Aleck, who held the key to the confidential office as well as to his employer's heart.

Several weeks ago the weather began to grow warm and the governor sighed for a season of freedom in the backwoods. Mr. Carlisle had assisted him in defeating the democrats, but Joe Blackburn was still making the air blue for the old party. "See here, Aleck," said the governor, "I am going away for a few days. Do not let any one in while I am gone, and watch out especially for Joe Blackburn."

The following items are culled from the local columns of a country exchange:

"The festival for the benefit of the church steps was rained out last night."

"Tump Williams created a disturbance in the gymnasium Wednesday night by snoring too loud."

"A no-fence election will be held as soon as we can get enough voters to town."

"It hailed some at the Scott place yesterday and lightninged right smart."

"Just think of it," exclaims an exchange, "it will only take \$10,000 to discover the north pole!"

"We know it, but we can't leave just now. We promised to wait on McKinley three years longer."

A literary exchange says that "Mr. Richard Watson Glider went to Europe and wrote a sonnet."

Yes, we know he did. But he came home six months afterwards and published it.

The Unsatified.

There's lots of complainin'.

From folks when it's rainin'.

An' some when the weather is dry.

Just grumble an' grumble.

For tempests to tumble.

The rain from the clouds in the sky.

It's hard to content 'em.

No matter what's sent 'em.

They wrangle and worry about it.

An' one sent in heaven.

For the saints don't hustle 'em out!

In a letter of protest to The Constitution, an Alabama correspondent writes:

"I'd have you know I do not depend on newspapers. The great north has recognized me."

That follows naturally. "The great north" doesn't know what poetry is.

In its report of a recent "literary," a Georgia newspaper says:

"It is unfortunate that there should have been a fight over Browning, and that Tennessee received a black eye in the meeting, while Edgar A. Poe caused the president to slap the secretary's face, and William Dean Howells was the cause of the treasurer being slashed with a razor in the hands of the sergeant-at-arms. Really, these literary matters are not worth fighting over!"

James Whitcomb Riley says he has discovered a genuine poet; but he withholds his name until he can find him writing sonnets to the tip-top of an Indiana haystack, with the thermometer at 110. Riley caught the fellow and took him to his own house, where he is now being tamed and fattened for Mr. Glider, who has authorized Riley to purchase him for The Century Magazine.

Little Things.

A little thing makes happiness:

When the fierce storm is done

The country smiles for miles and miles

With just a flash of sun.

A Georgia philosopher gives this comfort to his editorial sanctum:

"If you can't get to the seashore, content yourself at home."

Perhaps there'll come a cyclone

That'll make the millponds foam."

Let not editor Kingsbury, of The Wilmington Messenger, say again that North Carolina is short of poets. Hear this one, who warbles in an exchange from that state:

"Cruel you are as the grave to me;

You have blasted my life with your

And if I lay dead 'neath a tall pine tree,

I believe that you'd cut it down!"

And if on my grave, in the springtime

There bloomed white roses or yellow,

I believe you would pull them and pin them

On the coat of another fellow—

"I'm all right," replied the faithful servant.

"What you want?" said the governor.

"You can't do it," said Alex.

"What do you mean, Alex? I am the governor!"















# ATLANTA TO ST. LOUIS AND RETURN.

# \$2.50

## VIA

# SOUTHERN RAILWAY

# Atlanta City Salesmen's Picnic

Special Train Will Leave Atlanta at 8:00 p. m., July 16th. Returning, Leave Brunswick at 9:00 p. m., July 18th.

Two days on the Beach. Reduced rate at Hotels. Two U. S. War Ships, Georgia Naval Militia, Atlanta Artillery, Fourth Georgia Militia, Sham Battles, Naval Drills, etc. Apply at Southern Railway Ticket Office, Corner Kimball House, for information.

## S. H. HARDWICK,

Assistant General Passenger Agent.

## W. D. ALLEN,

District Passenger Agent.

### COMMISSION MEN LEAGUE TOGETHER

Produce Merchants Form an Association  
for Mutual Protection.

BRANCH OF NATIONAL LEAGUE

Ten Million Dollars Represented in  
Entire Organization.

TO PROTECT BOTH SHIPPERS AND BUYERS

The Growers' Interests To Be Considered  
as Well as Those of the  
Commission Merchants.

Atlanta commission merchants have organized an association for the protection of themselves as well as the fruit growers. The association was formed yesterday, and will be known as the Atlanta branch of the National League of Commission Merchants of the United States. Atlanta makes the seventeenth city in which associations have been organized.

The object of the association is both for the benefit of the commission men and shippers. The leading commission merchants of Atlanta have already joined, and the others will join at once.

The association was formed yesterday at the place of McCullough Bros., on Broad street. Quite a number of commission men were present, and the meeting was very enthusiastic. The league was organized by Mr. Isaac Tuck, of The Fruit Trade Journal, published at New York. The following named commission men were elected as officers:

J. J. Barnes, president; W. R. Dimmock, vice president; D. N. McCullough, secretary; and J. M. Wallace, treasurer.

The firms of commission merchants who joined as charter members of the league were as follows: A. Farnum & Co., J. M. Wallace, W. R. Dimmock, S. E. Marshall, McCullough Bros., J. J. Barnes, Turner & Co., and Rose & McDonald.

The organization is said by the commission men to meet the very purpose that they have been striving for for years. They have long wanted an association that would protect the reliable men from the tricksters who operate with flaming letters and slick tongues. In the organization it is proposed to work in unison with growers and producers against the enactment of damaging laws, and in favor of favorable legislation, in collecting and disseminating information, in opposing unjust discriminations, in demanding integrity and financial responsibility and in the protection of all, as far as possible, from fraud, misrepresentation or injustice.

The national league is a very powerful organization. It is made up of 25 of the strongest commission houses in the United States. The aggregate amount of capital represented in the entire league amounts to nearly ten million dollars. The league does its work in various ways. If a firm in Baltimore wants credit in this city, the firm will have to get the recommendation of the league in its city. If a firm in New York should report that the firm has no credit, it will be refused. The branch association in every city turns regular reports of the firms in its respective section and by this means the growers, producers and shippers are kept posted as to who is reliable and who is unreliable.



In the working out of his tasks the writer, if he be worth while, creates about him a subtle atmosphere, corresponding in a sort of way to the distinguishing qualities of his nature, and without knowing the gentleman at all, I must commit myself to the proposition that Mr. Opie Read, formerly of Arkansas, but now of Chicago, is a dreamy, poetic, impractical, idle, easy going, careless sort of fellow whose point of view sees artistic values rather than material ones.

A few pages of Read-and there swirls upon the view the lazy quiet of a southern village, the various types of easy going life that constitute its citizenry, and the peacefulness and restfulness which is never marred by the clangor and rush and noise of too active industry or commerce. This atmosphere Opie Read conveys with striking power and loquacity through all we fancy we can see the figure of the writer himself, who not so long ago stepped from amid the very scenes which he now depicts.

I have just finished reading through Opie Read's latest work, this time, alas! a work of fiction. It is of southern life. Obeying the laws of the novel, it is a thrilling life into life at least five striking representatives of a part of our southern life, but who stand strangely out of touch with the general life of the region. Vital character creations they are, full of life, and some of them full of humor, they stand well alone, but poorly when viewed in the relations in which they are presented.

In short, if I may be permitted to express a bold opinion, the field for Mr. Read's best literary labors is not that of the novel, but of the short, bright character sketch. I have never read his "Kentucky Colonel," of which so many good things have been said, and my opinion is based upon his more recent work, the one of which I speak, "Bolanyo."

The story is not strong of itself, or is it strongly told. It is merely the recital of the impossible experiences of a man who, having failed on the stage, is thrown by a steamboat boiler's explosion into the quiet life of a Mississippi river valley. What follows is a string of improbable events alone redeemed by the appearance of such engaging figures as the notorious Bugle Peters, Joe Vark, Senator Giles Talcom and the big black negro, Washington Smith. In the trifling, no account Bugle Peters, who boasts of his notoriety, he has drawn a character which every community owns and will recognize.

Senator Talcom stands for a type of southernness not so numerous in the new south as in the old. If we may thus distinguish the changes which have been wrought in social and commercial conditions in the south in the past generations, we hear a great deal of the new south nowadays. In point of fact, the new south is merely an evolution out of the old and the south of today is the natural heir of the south of thirty years ago—the same blood, the same people, the same courage. We stand a little forward of our fathers in the matters of time and progress, but it will take more than a generation of time and vastly more than the importation of a few northerners or Englishmen to wipe out the ties of blood and sentiment and the husband of the senator's daughter is found dead and, of course, Maurice Bedford, the stranded actor, is suspected, particularly as there is a circumstance, verified and testified to by the notorious Bugle Peters, which points to Bedford's guilt. He is, of course, innocent, but is thrust into prison. The doors have hardly closed when the mob comes. Bedford is dragged through the darkness to an open square, where he is surrounded by masked men whose determined eyes gleam through round holes cut in the masks. One single torch furn-

ishes the grim light for this grim scene. Suddenly even this torch is dashed to the ground, there is well confusion, the prisoner feels soft hands wrench the ropes from his wrists, he is pressed through the crowd and some one whispers: "Go!" And the author's torch there have sprung the case with which Mr. Read rescues his hero from a frenzied mob takes the breath away. One has to know very little about mobs to know how real is this peacefully drawn picture. And the wonder of it all grows when the reader is told in the final chapters where all works out well, that the marvelous feat was performed unaided and alone by the little woman who was the cause of all the trouble.

Of course the tangles are all smoothed out and things go well. The fugitive returns and there is a love scene in the garden after the hero has rushed wildly round the premises upon his return about the top of his voice: "Florence!" "I should like to erase this hero from memory if I could and I should like to remodel Florence as well as do not a little of other architectural work with "Bolanyo" in general.

Mr. Read is capable of such good work in other directions that it is really a pity to let the waste of his talent on a thing like "Bolanyo." "Bolanyo" is for sale at Lester's.

There is a melody and warmth about the style of James Lane Allen which makes everything that he writes interesting. His new novel, "The Choir Invisible," can hardly be considered as good as some of his short stories, but it is being very favorably received for its author's name's sake. It is a curiously mixed jumble of new matter and the material of his first long story, "John Gray," the same John Gray being the hero of both stories. In the preface to "The Choir Invisible" Mr. Allen frankly admits that he is making use of some old material. A close comparison of the two books might not betray a very great similarity, but the memory of the first novel is so strong that it is hard to read the latter one. Both are excellent Kentucky life—the better part of it, so far as civilization goes—that is, the life of the first circles of culture and education in the great wilderness. Mr. Allen is the devoted student of all the early history of his state, and all his best work—in fact, one might say almost all his work—has the blue grass region for its stage, and the people of Kentucky for the actors.

A little volume which will interest all Confederate veterans and all those who like to read personal memoirs of the great civil war, has just been published by the Robert Clarke Company, of Cincinnati. It is entitled "Personal Recollections and Experiences in the Confederate Army," and is written by Captain James Dinkins, or, as he calls himself, "an old Johnnie." He was in the army a mere lad, and fought to the end. The most interesting part of his reminiscences is his account of the campaigns of General Forrest in north Mississippi and western Tennessee, in which he took an active part, and was for six years a member of the firm of J. B. Thompson & Sons. He is a clever, affable gentleman of unusual business ability and integrity, enjoying the confidence of all the leading shippers of the south. In Atlanta Mr. Thompson is very popular and numbers his friends by the score.

Mr. Snowden is an old time member of the firm and pious. W. E. Thompson is a son of Mr. J. B. Thompson, the well-known proprietor of The Southern Food and Livestock stores, and was for six years a member of the firm of J. B. Thompson & Sons. He is a clever, affable gentleman of unusual business ability and integrity, enjoying the confidence of all the leading shippers of the south. In Atlanta Mr. Thompson is very popular and numbers his friends by the score.

Mr. France locates his scenes in Pine Valley, near which is located the Gray Eagle mine. Clay Dierker and Balmore Hatch are the star actors in the little glimpses of desperate, dare-devil life. There is some rare good humor in some of the stories, and a pathetic tone in others which serves to emphasize their realism. It seems to be the author's first venture in the way of a volume, and it gives promise of something beyond the ordinary success of a class.

(Published by The Century Co. For sale by F. J. Paxton, \$1.25.)

Another book dealing with war-time themes is T. C. DeLeon's new novel, "Crag Nest." The plot is laid in the Shenandoah valley during the war. The scene opens at an old Virginia mansion house, with a stately grand dame of ante-bellum days in charge. Her nieces are the heroines, and the heroes are some dashing cavaliers of the Army of Northern Virginia. The story is interesting throughout, and is told in Mr. DeLeon's best style, which is saying as a faithful and charmingly told story of the life behind the lines of the confederacy. It has no equal. Mr. DeLeon possesses to a marked degree the power to tell his thoughts in a simple and vigorous style, and his keen sense of humor prevents his work from ever becoming dull.

Decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla now and do not be induced to take any other. There is no other kind "just as good" as Hood's Sarsaparilla, the only true blood purifier.

### THOMPSON & SNOWDEN

AN ENVIABLE RECORD  
That Reflects Credit Upon Gentlemen  
and They Are Justly Proud of  
Their Success.

LIVE COMMISSION MERCHANTS  
OF ATLANTA.

A Short Sketch of This Enterprising  
Firm and of the Business They  
Are Doing—Largest Water-  
melon Dealers in the  
City.

During the past year the firm of Thompson & Snowden has taken an enviable position among the leading wholesale commission merchants of Atlanta, and to-day one of the representative houses in this line of business. Starting in business just a year ago, this firm has come rapidly to the front and has built up, by untiring energy, straightforward dealings and quick remittances, one of the most successful commission houses in the south. The members of the firm are Messrs. W. E. Thompson and J. W. Snowden. Mr. Thompson is a son of Mr. J. B. Thompson, the well-known proprietor of The Southern Food and Livestock stores, and was for six years a member of the firm of J. B. Thompson & Sons. He is a clever, affable gentleman of unusual business ability and integrity, enjoying the confidence of all the leading shippers of the south. In Atlanta Mr. Thompson is very popular and numbers his friends by the score.

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Free Open Air Concert  
Exposition Park this  
evening.

### HAMMOCKS



For wear, comfort and beauty. We have these in all the new colors. Mexican Garg Hamocks from 50c to \$1.50. Woven Cotton Hamocks, equal to the finest draperies in color and designs, from \$1.00 to \$4.50.

THE CLARKE HARDWARE CO.  
33 PEACHTREE ST., ATLANTA, GA.

### ...LAWN TENNIS...

Is opening with a rush, and "Spalding" Rackets used almost exclusively. Why? Because they are the best. Nets, Poles, Markers, Tapes, Balls and everything to equip your court.

THE CLARKE HARDWARE CO.  
SPALDING & BROS. AGENTS.

33 PEACHTREE ST., ATLANTA, GA.  
"Write for Catalogue and Prices."

### Caught and Ticked to Death

For his Tackle came from us. Split Bamboo Rods, Cork Handles \$2.00. Multi-PLYING Reels 75c and up. Gill Netting, Seines, Cast Nets, Flies, Spoons. Well, come and see our line.

THE CLARKE HARDWARE CO.  
33 PEACHTREE ST., ATLANTA, GA.

Free Open Air Concert  
Exposition Park this  
evening.

WANTED—Two or three special agents to represent

THE COVENANT MUTUAL  
IN GEORGIA.

\$100,000,000 INSURANCE IN FORCE.  
1,500,000 PAID IN LOSSES.

1,000,000 SURPLUS.  
Best selling contracts, incontestable, non-forfeitable, dividend bearing policies.

HAL L. JOHNSTON, State Ingr.,  
211 Equitable Building, Atlanta, Ga.

For Rent by C. H. Girardeau, 8 East  
Wall Street.

5-r. h., 189 Ponce de Leon avenue.....\$40.00  
5-r. h., 318 Washington street.....40.00  
5-r. h., 286 Boulevard.....30.00  
10-r. h., West Peachtree street.....32.50  
5-r. h., Forrest avenue.....25.00  
5-r. h., 227 Courtland.....25.00  
5-r. h., 102 N. Pryor street.....25.00  
5-r. h., 88 Hood street.....25.00  
5-r. h., 128 Crumley street.....17.50  
5-r. h., 103 Cooper street.....25.00  
5-r. h., 102 E. Georgia avenue.....25.00  
5-r. h., 174 E. Georgia avenue.....9.00  
5-r. h., 51 E. Harris street.....25.00  
5-r. h., 534 Pullum, shady lot.....12.50  
5-r. h., 245 Magnolia street.....11.00  
4-r. h., 174 E. Georgia avenue.....9.00  
5-r. h., 50 Plum street.....7.50

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SECURITY WAREHOUSE CO.  
Foundry St. and W. & A. R. R. Phone 213

### Gotton Seed Oil and Ginning Machinery

Complete Ginning Systems. Ice-Making Plants  
from one to fifty tons capacity.

E. Van Winkle Gin and Machine Works, Box 493, Atlanta, Ga.



FOR RENT—Get one of our week-  
ly rent bulletins, giving full de-  
scription of everything to rent.

We move tenants free. See notice.

JOHN J. WOODSIDE,  
The Renting Agent, 50 N. Broad St.

For Rent by D. Morrison.  
I HAVE over fifty choice houses from 3 to 10 rooms each for rent this week. Call and see my list before you rent a house. D. Morrison, 47 East Hunter st., real estate.

For Rent by Smith & Hardwick, No.  
12 W. Alabama St. Phone 225.

Nice 7-room cottage on Whitehall, 12 rooms second floor, over stores, Marietta; every convenience, nicest condition for a nice boarding house, very low to a nice, competent and responsible party. This will pay.

Nice 5-room cottage, McDaniel street. Large brick corner store, near in, for drugs, a place where business will pay. Large brick store, Decatur street, for large grocery trade.

Nice 7-room cottage, newly papered, on Capitol avenue, near capitol.

For Rent by M. L. Throver, Renting  
Agent, No. 88 S. Forsyth Street.  
Phone 541.

11-r. h., 24 Nelson street.....\$40.00  
11-r. h., 47 Nelson street.....37.50  
11-r. h., 288 Whitehall street.....35.00  
11-r. h., 241 Whitehall street.....35.00  
11-r. h., 16 Peters street.....30.00  
5-r. h., 53 W. Cain street.....20.00  
5-r. h., 500 Pullum street.....10.00  
5-r. h., 55 W. Mitchell street.....25.00  
5-r. h., 122 Park street, West End.....25.00  
5-r. h., 28 Young street.....25.00  
5-r. h., 3 Park Place.....21.00  
5-r. h., 21 E. Hunter street.....25.00  
5-r. h., 37 E. Fair street.....25.00  
5-r. h., 190 Forrest avenue.....25.00  
5-r. h., corner Norcross and Hays streets.....10.00  
5-r. h., 47 Brotherton street.....15.00  
5-r. h., 125 Formwalt street.....15.00  
5-r. h., 63 Tattall street.....12.50  
5-r. h., 500 Pullum street.....10.00  
5-r. h., 65 McDaniel street.....15.00  
5-r. h., 118 Mangum street.....15.00  
5-r. h., 114 Plum street.....6.50  
Store, 92 S. Forsyth street.....25.00  
Store, 342 Rawson street.....25.00  
Store, 280 Marietta street.....25.00  
Store, 14 W. Mitchell street.....25.00  
Store, 26 W. Mitchell street.....25.00  
Store, 155 Peters street.....30.00

MEDICAL  
MRS. DR. E. W. SMITH, 66 Marietta st.  
Phone 47. Diseases of women a specialty. Graduate of Philadelphia.

LADIES—Chichester's English Pennyroyal Pills (Diamond Brand) are the best. Safe, for stock, and give personal attention to particulars. "Relief for Ladies" in letter by return mail. At drugists, Chichester Chemical Company, Philadelphia, Pa. June 21-26st sun tues thur

Gavan Book Co., 41 Peachtree St.

GAVAN BOOK COMPANY, 41 Peachtree street—School books new and second-hand for all schools, city and country. We have 50,000 second-hand school books on hand at half price. We want more. Send a list of what you have or bring them to the store. We are closing out our stock of stationery, miscellaneous law and medical books at marvellously low prices before moving.

SCHOOL BOOKS at half price for every county in Georgia, before we move. Old books bought for cash. Peachtree. July 3-13 sat-sun

The L. F. Jackson Co., 37 S. Broad St.

Don't forget the place.  
We are making a hot race.  
Others are getting blue.  
Prompt in making repairs.  
We have plenty of time.  
L. F. JACKSON & CO.

Our specialty—white duck collars—  
Fine harness always follows.  
Prompt in making repairs.  
Never lead you into snares.  
Next door to the Georgia Buggy Co.  
L. F. JACKSON & CO.

THE GEORGIA BUGGY CO.  
To harness up with carriage.  
THE GEORGIA BUGGY CO.

WANTED—  
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### REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

**REAL ESTATE FOR SALE**

**D. Morrison, 47 East Hunter Street**  
2½-ACRE TRUCK, fruit and dairy farm, with a large barn, containing a large number of the finest grape vines, about 2000, and a large number of pear trees, 2 acres in the best kind of strawberrie with a ditch for irrigating, two power springs, and a large well, all running, about 2 acres in pasture and woodland; one-quarter cash, balance easy. Price only \$2500.00. See also 1000 ft. of Goodrich on Peachtree of West End; lot 60x200; and two other lots, 50x184 each, adjoining the above, for sale at \$1000.00 each. Three lots cost \$5.00, and are well worth the money. Call on D. Morrison to sacrifice the beautiful home place, the reader has now the chance of a life time. See also 1000 ft. of Goodrich in one of the best sections of the city on very easy terms, viz: \$1.00 cash, balance easy. Price only \$150.00.

**THIS OUGHT** to interest you, even though you are not a farmer. There are now four choice city lots altogether 100x255, of which one is a corner lot, and has fine fruit trees and good 2-7 ft. and 10 ft. trees, and a large well. The little gem is on Logan avenue, just beyond the city limits, and is a fine city lot. Terms very easy. Price \$1350.

**6-R H. on a fine large lot, 55x137, near the city limits, and a large well, and not miss this chance to get a nice home on easy terms at the low price of \$2500.00.**

on Woodward avenue will take a  
four payments \$100 and make the balance  
small month \$10.00. \$17.00.

**WHO WANTS THIS GEM?**—10-r. b. in fine  
condition, barns, stable, carriage house and  
garage, all in good shape. The house is  
of choice land having good garden and  
lawns. It is located east on paved road  
four miles from the city. It is a three  
one-quarter mile from railroad station  
and is a very nice place to live. The  
This property cost \$10,000 two years ago and  
now it is worth much more. It is a  
it was there but I will let it go for  
easy terms at the very low price of \$4,000.

**FOR SALE.**—A new house, bath and  
three-car garage, on corner of  
nice lot \$2445 to an alley, near in  
and a small lot. The house is in  
balance easy monthly payments. Price  
\$2,445.

**IF THE READER wants to buy real estate**  
of any kind and does not find anything  
in this ad to suit, please call and let me  
show you some of the bargains I have  
placed I have on my books. Or if you want  
to place your own property, I will  
place your loan at once. D. Morrison, re-  
state, renting and loan agent, 47 East  
Hunter street.

**FOR SALE—Miscellaneous.**

**THREE PAIR big Guinea pigs, \$15 per**

ing  
B. A. Davis, J. S. Davitt, Davitt, Ga.  
B. A. Davis, J. S. Davitt, Davitt, Ga.  
Lithia water will sell six dollar order for  
leaving city. M., box 425.

**A SILVER-PLATED "Jerome" (French)**  
water key, mule and case, in perfect  
condition. a bargain. Call on **FA. H. S.**

**FOR SALE**—The best gasoline stove on the  
market is the new Michigan. See it operate  
and you will want one. The best  
bed room heater is the new Michigan. See  
it operate and you will want one. The  
one that have the women wear spring on the  
feet is the new Michigan. See it operate  
and you will want one. The best oil stove on the market is  
the one that makes no smell and does not  
cost more than a nickel. See it operate and  
you will want one. Come and see **M. H. Abbott.**

**FOR SALE**—Otto gas engine, 4 h. p. in  
first-class order, or will trade for a bar  
of gold.

**SEED CORN**, peas, German millet, barley  
and southern or Georgia rye. **T. H. Will**

**ONE MOSLER** safe, one No. 2 Gates rock  
crusher and other machinery on hand. **B.**  
**S. Armstrong & Bro.**

all house,  
 property  
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 sell and  
 minutes  
 with  
 \$1,000.  
 \$5,120.  
 225.  
 W. from  
 stable,  
 money-

FOR SALE-A three-fourths Jersey cow  
 range cheap. 106 Luckie.  
 16 SHARES Southern Guarantee Loan  
 stock for sale; will sell all or half. Apply  
 1227 1/2 street.  
 CHOICE LOT in Oakland cemetery for \$125  
 if sold at once. N. G. general delivery.  
 FOR SALE-At a bargain, a good second  
 hand stove, with a new top and legs, very  
 cheap. Bargains always on hand in stoves  
 and ranges; a good typewriter cheap, and  
 lots of other things. Write for catalogue. I  
 didn't know that I had and was anxious  
 to sell you. J. H. Abbott, 139-152 Marietta  
 street.  
 FOR SALE-Thoroughbred Jersey cow  
 in milk, 3 years old, very cheap. Apply  
 Monday at 92 North Second street.  
 FOR SALE-Large iron safe, or will  
 change for smaller one. 32 North Broad  
 A. M. Shomo.  
 ELEVATORS and dumb waiters, Atlanta  
 Elevator Works, 44 S. Forsyth street.  
 Established 1890.  
 Dec-27-1900  
 BEST TIRES-42-50 pair, express paid  
 Best 5's. Full warranty. Mineralize

**MONEY TO LOAN.**

IF YOU WANT lucky money call at No. 1411 W. Peachtree street, special cut rates on large loans on diamonds, watches, etc. T. W. P. Pickert. July 8-7-14

**W. V. BAXTER & CO., 20 Norcross building,** Atlanta, Ga., negotiate loans especially improved Georgia farms, at exceedingly low rate of interest. If security sufficient, rate 5 per cent. Call on W. V. BAXTER & CO., 20 Norcross building, Atlanta, Ga.

**WEYMAN & CONNOR negotiate loans on city property at 6 and 7 per cent. Money ready for parties with good security. Call on WEYMAN & CONNOR, 325 Equitable building, Atlanta, Ga.**

**SAMUEL BARNETT, No. 657 California building,** negotiates real estate mortgages, loans on property in or near Atlanta, and will accept any collateral you please. may 30-14

**6 PER CENT LOANS on real estate in amounts of \$100 or more; business property, etc., at 7 per cent. If property wanted; money here. W. A. Foster, 1000**

apex street.

**LOANS** made on real estate at low rates of interest. No commission. Repayable in monthly installments. Purchase money notes bought. Edward S. McDaniel, cashier Southern Loan and Banking Co., No. 8 E. Alabama street.

**WITHOUT REAL ESTATE** you can borrow what money you want from Atlanta Dime Savings Bank, 100 E. Peachtree street. Sample Court. Joseph N. Moody, president. Openly by sun-tues-thurs.

**IF YOU WANT** a loan of from \$50 to \$10,000, on real estate, call at 47 East Hunter street and make application, and D. Morrison will do the rest for a small commission, \$1.00, \$2.00 and \$3.00, \$5.00.

**\$100 TO LOAN** at 7 per cent; any amount; money here. Call on real estate, Robert Schmidt, 606 E. Alabama street.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

**KING "POLISHNE"** Is the best metal polish you have ever used for silver, copper, brass and all showcases; get it at Douglas & Davison's.

EXMINE the crowns and bridges in the glass case at Union Dental parlors and you will find that the work is done by one, ONE, 56 Whitehall, over Rich Bros.

YOU CAN take your choice of any new crown or bridge in our line for \$10.00, and we guarantee it to last for 10 years. Want to measure, David S. Tallor, 3 Whitehall street.

FOR RENT—Good house, 4 rooms, piano, bath, central heating, electric lights, and all modern practice, by hour or week. \$8 N. Forsyth.

**FOR SALE—Machinery.**

LARGE STOCK of engines, boilers and mills, which we will sell very cheap for the next three days, at Malaby & Co., 50 North Forsyth street. July 9-11.

**FOR SALE—One second-hand 6x10 ft. engine, with boiler, and all accessories, by Constitution Publishing Company, in fair condition and subject to cold water test, for \$100.00. Apply to R. A. Hemphill, Constitution Publishing office. June 14-17.**



**VOL. XX**

**DIED**

**Dr. L. P. Garvey,**  
in Atlanta

**HE WAS IN PERFECT**

**Had Had Long Been**  
Morphine

**OVERDOSE WAS TAKEN**

**He Was Being Treated**  
the Fatal Injection  
He Lingered in  
for Several  
Yesterday

Yesterday afternoon Dr. L. Garvey died at the residence of 315 E. Walton street. It was reported that the cause of self-destruction was by Mr. Garvey and that the dying man at the time Three or four hours after Garvey suffered the his cries and moans neighboring houses. With the fact that the habit of using cocaine rumors that the cocaine suicide.

For many years Dr. Garvey and yesterday after taking a dose of Dr. Woolley, who had been a patient and he was unconscious condition the sufferer passed away. Last night a reporter called at the residence from him learned so Dr. Garvey committed suicide.

"He had been in the calms," said Mr. Davison, "and his death may have been the result of the deadly drug, which the doctor took his own life." Dr. Garvey had been in bed for several weeks which he expected with any further illness I refer you to Dr. Woolley."

**Dr. Woolley's**  
Dr. Woolley stated his opinion a case of suicide. "When I reached Dr. Woolley," the patient said. "There was no cause for his. He was devoted to business affairs were not."

"Dr. Garvey came to his home in is Oakland of six weeks in Florida, and a short while ago he was addicted to the use of morphine. The effect of the drug, he said, was to cause his death, but he did not commit suicide."

Dr. Garvey was an old friend that he began as a simulant when he found that he had a very serious disease. He realized that he had a terrible habit. He tried to get rid of it, but he failed. He was a very strong man, but he was too strong a hold on Florida was tried, but he was not cured."

Yesterday he took this. It is supposed in a large way, he became very ill. He gave him the medicine. He had been one of agony.

**His Wife Is**  
During all the years the fearful habit with her, as devoted wife endeavoring to comfort her. She was at his bedside when he died. She is vain in life. She stated over the trouble in being far from the arrangements to be made this morning, probably be taken over for interment.

**NASHVILLE, TENN.**  
**Grand Jury Finds**  
Dealers  
Nashville, Tenn., grand jury in pursuance of Judge Anderson distribution of the allegations or combine, and indictments against the manufacturers and dealers with having no intention to control the price of ice.

Nearly all were at bond; the others will be.

**NATIONAL HAY**  
**Delegates from All**  
States Will  
The fourth annual meeting of the National Hay Association at St. Louis, on August 1st, the last issue of the National Hay Association with probable light of the past few years, the trade.

Delegates will be from all parts of the United States pertaining to the hay discussed during the